THE COLLECTOR
NEWTON

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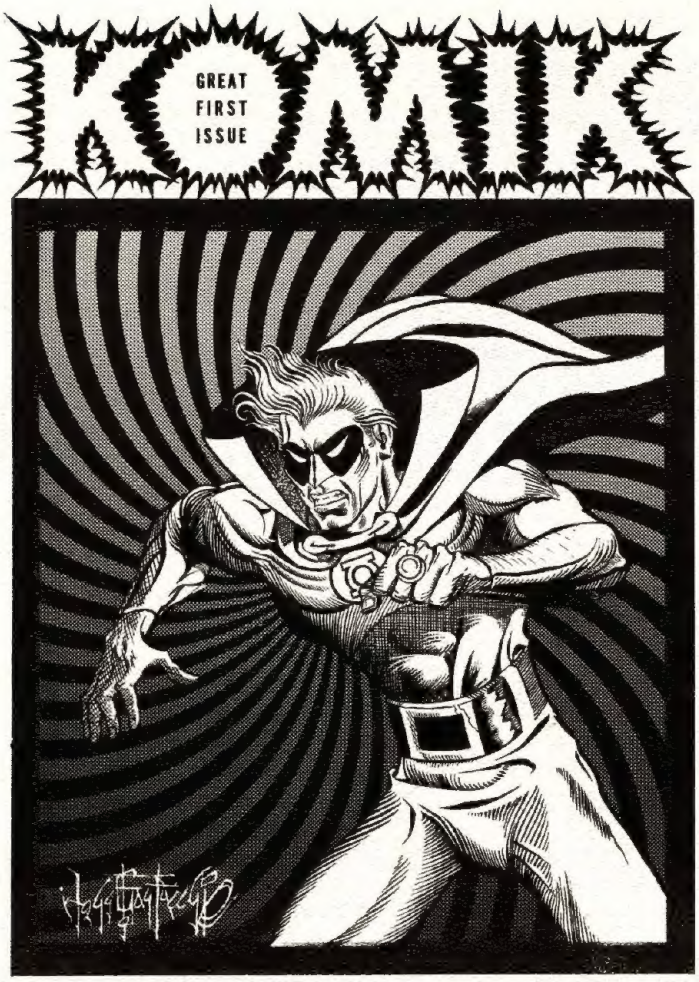

The cover of KOMIK, one of those fanzines that never came out. Reproduced here with the permission of the artist, JOHN FANTUCCHIO.

Now I'd like to thank all of the following people for making my trip to New York and the con so enjoyable: Phil and Carole Seuling, Tom and Deana Fagan, John and Mary Fantucchio (who unfortunately could only make it up for Sunday), Joe Sinnott & his family (Joe's fine drawing this issue was a surprise gift Joe gave me at the con; one which I really appreciate, Joe!), Vince Marchesano and his lovely fiancee from Canada (Vince is a really nice guy, and a great artist!), Gary Groth and his dad, Mike Catron, my table-buddy Alan Light, Kirk Alyn, Don Rosa, Ray Foushee, Jerry Sinkovic, Neal Pozner, Tedd Kessler, Ken Smith and family, Byron Preiss, Jim Steranko, Mike Nolan, Dave Cockrum, Marty Greim, Bob Cosgrove, Tony Isabella, Dwight Decker, Bill Black, Mike McGrath (some great photos, Mike!), Bill Cantey (writer of high calibre and all-around swell guy!), Jeff Wasserman, Ken Bruzenak (local fan and friend, and student of none other than James Steranko! -during the lessons at the con at least-). And for making it all possible, my parents and the good ol' Greyhound bus driver!

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COVER: DON NEWTON AND DAN ADKINS*

Special thanks to Don Newton, for working up this issue's beautiful wraparound Superman scene; to Dan Adkins, for taking time out from his busy schedule to ink Don's drawing; and to John G. Fantucchio, for inking in the drawing on the opposite page while I visited with him, so that it could be included in this issue.

*COLOR SEPARATIONS BY BILL WILSON

PRINCE PRINTING

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editorial tc24

The BILL WILSON Collector

'71 con issue

Well, it's finally here! A little late, a little bigger, and a LOT better! Although this is being written BEFORE the issue (or cover) goes to press, I'm confident that the four-color cover and the entire magazine will look great when printed. The reason: Ever since I got back from the New York Con, I've worked on it off and on EVERY DAY to make it that great! Sure, it was a lot of sweat and work, but I think it's going to pay off beautifully. Sure typing and transcribing a 60+ page con report by TOM FAGAN is tough! Sure a four-color cover is tough to print! Sure, halftones for each photo are tough to take! But if it all pays off, I'll be more than satisfied!

If you didn't get that special flyer in the mail or didn't see my last ad in Alan Light's The Buyer's Guide (FREE! from RR 1/Box 297/East Moline, Ill. 61244), then you're getting this issue for 35¢ instead of 50¢ because you didn't send in the extra 15¢ for it. Or, if you sent in a sub for #24, #25, and #26, you're gonna get only this issue and the next, IF you sent in the order after July 10th. If you sent it in before then, I'll honor the subscription as is, if you wish. The thing is: I couldn't possibly do this big a con issue (with all the extras: four-color cover, interior color, halftones) for 35¢, because the postage will probably be around 15¢ or 20¢! So, the price hike. It's effective for the next issue, too (out in Jan. '72). From then on, TC will be 40+ pages for $1.00, printed twice a year, January and July, and be on the order of Bill Black's fine PARAGON. It will cover ALL areas of collecting related to comic fandom, as was the intent of the magazine from the start. The next issue will feature the 3rd and concluding part of TOM FAGAN's article on The Flying Dutchman, the conclusion of Hyperman's latest adventure, as you've never seen him before, an article on the new artists working on the Disney books since Carl Barks retired by DWIGHT DECKER and MORE! Probably the usual 24 or 28 pages next time, but every bit worth 50¢!

Bill G. Wilson

Editorial address: 1535 Oneida Drive Clairton, PA. 15025

The CON'S On: RIGHT ON!

1971 COMIC ART CONVENTION

BY TOM FAGAN

The square world's asleep. Snug beneath coverlets, it contents itself with dreams of prosaic picnics, beach parties, and leisurely rides through the countryside...the everyday way to celebrate the long holiday weekend this Fourth of July, 1971.

Each to his own.Your celebration is going to be different. You're awake and excited; have been for hours. The day you've been waiting for has finally arrived.

It's the big one; the great one. It's fireworks, witch's brew, candy hearts, wearing of the green, and a jam-packed stocking hung with care, all rolled into a single, unopened package just waiting for you.

Yeah, you're heading for the hea-vy one...the grand-daddy of 'em all. It's trip-out time, that is. Yes, you are going to: THE 1971 COMIC ART CONVENTION!

Together with Deana, you scoot through quiet and deserted city streets; early morning sun pelting down on you both, as tugging suitcases that grow heavier by the minute you jump on the impatient Greyhound with scant seconds to spare. "Take a deep breath. Here we go!"

It's Deana's first con; it's also her first pilgrimmage to New York. You've been to cons every year now since 1965. (They called them 'Comi-Cons' back then, remember?) Doesn't matter; the magic renews itself yearly. You're just as excited as she. Right on, brothers and sisters!

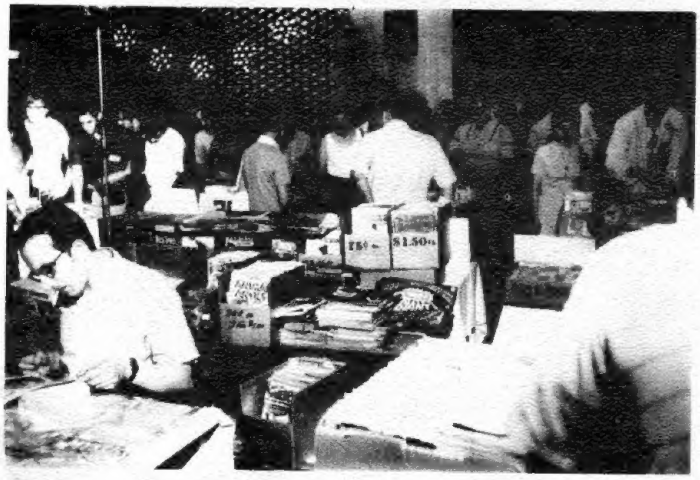
You start counting down the decreasing miles and adding up the count of groundhogs spotted along the thruway. And you talk about the people... the beautiful people you'll be seeing.

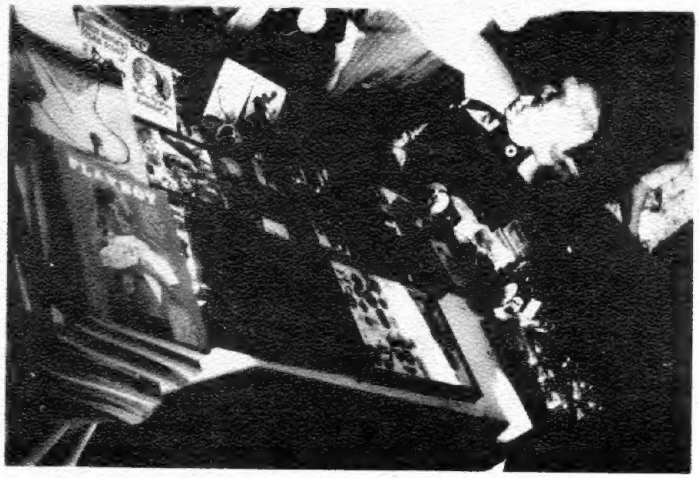
People already there, like Phil and Carole Seuling...probably out of their minds at this point...for theirs is the responsibility of seeing that the con runs well. Mike Nolan, who's made it from California already; Bill Wilson and his folks from Clairton, Pennsylvania; Tom Watkins hitch-hiking from Wilmington, Delaware; Bill Black and his pretty wife "Reb", heading in from Tallahassee; Marty Greim and his ace henchmen, Al Bradford and Bob Cosgrove, hatcheting their way from Massachusetts; Don Foote moving in from Johnstown, New York; Rich Rubenfeld taking the subway in from Franklin Square; John Fantucchio and his lovely spouse Mary, readying their 'Black Beauty' down in Arlington, Va.; Ellen Vartanoff climbing aboard a butterfly at Bethesda; Tom Robe tooling in from Toronto (who say's the con isn't international!)...

And naturally you rap about the artists and writers due on hand, in person, and on stage for the next 4 days. Cool ones like Harry P. Lucey, who spawns the generation gap between Hangman and Archie; Steranko, already a living legend; 'Mirthful' Marie Sev-erin; Denny O'Neil, unparalled writer of comic book relevancy; Gray Morrow, "the quite one"; and Roy Thomas, "the loquacious one"...

Shazam! The New York City skyline hits you like a thunderbolt. And in this the beginning of the 11th hour of Friday, July 2nd, you seep down a winding hill, mole through the Lincoln Tunnel and with honking of horn and burning of exhaust emerge on Fun City seeing the McGraw-Hill Build-ing on your left, the Century Funeral Home on your right. Sleazy push-carts and open-air fruit/vegetable stands along Ninth Avenue cause you to hum "East Side, West Side," as the Greyhound lopes into the underground oven that is the Port Authority on a summer's day. Stifling an impulse (at Deana's insistence) to break into a Gene Kelly "New York, New York: It's A Wonderful Town" song-and-dance routine, you tunnel your way to the Seventh Avenue Subway, clatter eight blocks downtown and emerge above-ground blinking at the Statler Hilton dead ahead. Like Emerald City, man!

Inside you follow the lead of comic book heads. They're easy to pick out. They're either carrying com-ics or talking comics. You set off after them for the first of many elevator rides. After three or four





THIS IS ONLY A VERY SMART PART OF THE HUGE DEALERS ROOM OPEN ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE CON!

NOSTALGIA PRESS' HUGE TABLE, WHICH SOLD EVERYTHING FROM THE 2ND FLASH GORDON EDITION TO EC COVER POSTERS

ORIGINAL PHIL SEULING ART!

false trys, you finally manage to get off at the right floor. Instant recog-nition! A friendly warwhoop your ears wouldn't believe...Heather Seuling's own unique way of saying hello. With Heather tucked under one arm and a suitcase under the other, you walk "the last mile" or what seems like it. Luckily, there's a brief respite as Heather releases her death hold for a quick slide down a staircase bannister. Only a moment, though, before she is back on your arm again. Deana hides a grin somehow; double burden and all, you make your way to the reg-istration tables. You sign in. Your signature and a modest $3.50 cash out-lay guarantees a four-day passport of continuous entertainment.

You're officially a convention-eer! Your name badges, con program & souvenir booklet, proves it. All this plus an invitation to a free Jeff Jones art exhibit..what more could a-nyone ask? A book of movie stills may-be? Well, you have that too...compli-ments of the house!

It's a "split-level con" this time around, you discover. Registration, dealers' rooms, the testimonial banquet, the ACBA meeting are all to be located throughout the mezzanine. Lectures, movies, auctions, art shows, panels, the costume parade? You'll find them topside. The 18th floor, to be exact. Who says life is not a series of 'uppers' and 'downers'? Who says an elevator isn't the shortest distance between 2 points? Like you said a bit before, it truly was "the first of many rides!"

You and Deana wander into the dealers' room. Wow! and Double-Wow! It's like King Midas was punished with a comic book curse and complete-ly psyched out. Table upon table of treasure. Want original art?Or a Big Bad Wolf alarm clock? How about films, slides, blowup posters, fanzines? Detective #27 perhaps? ECs---a complete run? Yellow Kid #1?Tapes, records, shoulder patches? Casper The Friendly Ghost, even!Underground comics? (Gotta be 21 to get those.) Something really status? How's $25-an-hour art lessons from Steranko for starters? Or a used Ibis stick? A dealer to take home for a pet,maybe? A slighty-worn power ring? Far out! Any and all are yours.If you've got the bread, that is, the where-withall, the gold, the finances. Youse pay and youse purchase;otherwise, youse jist look and long. This is precisely what you do...long and look. It's an open-air market, a Tur-kish bazaar, concessioners' row,the general store, the trading block,buy-ers and sellers in the Temple, the back alley come-on, hard and soft sell, sidewalk sales, 'bargains galore', 'going-out-of-business' world ---these dealers' rooms.

You wander down one aisle and up another...a trailway of what is and what will become nostalgia. It's vicarious sure but it's good to know it exists. You say "Hi," to Alan E-manuel of Brooklyn, who's hit a moth-er lodge of comics a while back and now he's both collector and dealer.

Bill Wilson beckons. He introduces you to Gary Groth of Springfield, Virginia, editor of "Fantastic Fanzine", and Alan L. Light, of East Moline, Illinois, who publishes "The Buyer's Guide", a superb adzine. Dave Kaler, with the help of Teddy, is also manning a dealer's table.You tell Dave it's great to see him back on the con scene once more. He's been gone too long, you say.

Sailing past is Phil Seuling & a friend. "C'mon," he says to you & Deana, "it's time to get it on." All four of you cram into the already crowded elevator. Whoosh! The ascent to the 18th floor begins. "Hey," smiles Phil, "you know who this is?" "Sure," you reply, "I ought to; I spent enough Saturday afternoons back home at the Grand Theatre watch-ing him on the screen..." You turn and shake hands with Kirk Alyn.Cool! Not everybody everyday has the chance to shake the hand of Superman!

Sliish! Elevator door opening. Irene Vartanoff to be found among those crowded in the Penn Top South room. You congratulate Irene, who's now working for National. Phil Seuling is already at the speaker's rostrum and with microphone in hand announces:

"We're running an hour behind schedule [it's 1 P.M.] but we're rolling now!" Applause greets the statement. "And we're going to keep right on rolling, too!" Phil keeps it brief and to-the-point. "You know," he says, "the cons------ the Science Fiction ones, the other comicons--- they're run each in their own way and run very well.How-ever, this con is different. People look like they're having fun.So go ahead! Groove! Have fun!"

Which is what you and Deana do. You and the two thousand other people who attended the con over the four-day holiday weekend. You grooved! You had fun!

Truth is, you're still having fun...just thinking about it. The 1971 Comic Art Convention was a great one!

Thanks to you, Phil & Carole Seuling! We're still grooving!

EDITOR WILSON (bending over the table) AND EDITOR OF THE "BUYER'S GUIDE",ALAN LIGHT, BUSY WORKING AT THEIR TABLE, GETTING READY TO SHOW THEIR WARES TO ANOTHER DAY'S CUSTOMERS AND CRITICS.

KEYNOTE SPEECH: "THE WARREN REPORT ...1971 STYLE"

REPORTER... TOM FAGAN

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There are two ways of listening to James Warren - as if heeding a voice from On High, or hearing a dread command from Below. Either is fascinating, for James Warren is liv-ing proof that the tongue is mightier than the sword. Attending a Warren lecture is rather like being a smug spectator at the area Dartthrow-ers Ball. Words aren't minced; they make mincemeat. The insult is fashioned into a finely-honed shaft. Warren employs the noun as an uppercut to the ego; the verb as a kick in the groin, the adjective as a devastating blow to the backside. What's more, 99 percent of the time, Warren's criticisms are valid. He can back them up with facts or figures.. and if necessary, legal council, all of which he's done in a stormy publishing career which has seen black and white art take its rightful place in the comic book field.

In introducing Warren as Friday's keynote speaker, convention chairman Philip Nicholas Seuling had this to say of the publisher of EERIE, CREEPY, and VAMPIRELLA:

"He's leading in new directions I like the whole idea. He's brash, outspoken, glib, and articulate. He considers himself a fan. So join with me now in welcoming JIM WARREN!"

Warren, whose appearance is that of an in-fighting Wall St. executive, acknowledged the applause by saying, "I also stand here as a pro and a publisher; you can see what a spot that puts me in!" Commenting on the convention, Warren stated it "means a lot to those of us at Warren because it's composed of fans...not just the people in the industry."

And what does this 35-year-old industry consist of? Warren had this to say:

"First: The creative people --- the team of editors, artists, writers, letterers, and the like.
Second: The 'heavy guys'... the printing plants.
Third: The retail outlets..the magazine distributors & retailers.
Fourth: The readers & the fans.
Fifth: The general public..... authority, teachers, parents; the Comics Code Authority.
Sixth: The publisher."

Then began the verbal vivisection Warren watchers were waiting for. Nor were they disappointed, for the speaker now warmed to the task, delivered the "Warren Wallop" which depending on your point of view, has become his famous (or infamous) trademark. Deftly he wielded the syllabic scalpel, not in the least disturbed during critical points of the dissection, by applause spontaneous and admiring. Vowed Warren, "Ah! The creative people; they're the ones who speak to our feelings of all that is new and young...the mystery that is within each of us. Yes, they...they are the most unmanageable ones of all ...the biggest pains in the asses! Their biggest competition is you, the readers. If they can't get through to you the way they want: The artists get ulcers! The publisher goes bankrupt. And you, the readers, are the ones who benefit eventually. You get what you want to read!"

Warren continued: "The 'heavy guys'---the ones who run the printing plants. An economic recession...a business climate such as we've had for the past two years...is disasterous to them. They spend millionsof dollars for equipment and trained personnel...then all of a sudden they're faced with publishers' cancellations. Warren explained that the threat of impending cancellations causes printers to "freeze up", to shy away, to "not permit expansion." This has a boomerang effect, Warren said, as publishers are likely to run scared and cancel new titles that have just begun or haven't even gotten off the drawing board yet. He expressed sympathy with the plight of the printer thusly: "When a publisher goes bankrupt, the loss is in thousands of dollars. When printing plants go bankrupt, the loss is measured in millions of dollars."

Noted for his running battles with certain distributors and retailers, Warren leveled a non-sympathetic sight on the target. "The magazine dealers do business the same as they did 100 years ago. The only other business to do that, that I know of, is prostitution!"

The executioner's axe descended on the segment of readership known as 'fans'. Warren: "Fan? Fans are fanatics." Laughter greeted the description. "No really," said Warren, "Fans are different. If I were to tell the average person that Phil Seuling, for example, just died, they'd say 'Gosh, that's terrible! How did it happen?' However, if I told a fan the same thing the answer would be, 'Gee! Who's going to run the comicon next year?'" [Though given in jest, the appropriateness of this statement will be shown in another article in this issue.] And of the general public? The critics? The Comics Code? Warren unleashed a crushing cannonade: "You can't judge a book by its cover but some people can't even judge it by the contents!" [applause!] "The general public...What the hell do they know about our type of comics! Their idea of comics is 'Blondie & Dagwood'!" [applause louder!!]

His audience well understood his use of the word "our" as referring generally to comics, not just Warren magazines. To illustrate the credibility gap surrounding comics the speaker mentioned an Ed Sullivan television show scheduled this coming Fall..."two hours of prime time" and supposedly a documentary on comics. The type of characters to be included? The likes of "Kerry Drake", "Brenda Starr" and "Major Hoople". The convention audience groaned. Warren: "I called them up and asked if they would like to include Vampirella."

"Who's that?" said the voice on the other end of the phone.

"The illegitimate daughter of Wonder Woman, I told them." What happened? "They hung up!" Warren grinned. [applause louder!!!]

"The Comics Code Authority," sighed Warren, "Ah, it is everything that is good, decent.....and STUPID! The Comics Code.....WHAT BULLSHIT! [Applause - the thundering kind!] And if any of you out there in the audience don't know the meaning of the word...then get a copy of 'Seduction of the Innocent' by Dr. Fredric Wertham... and read his every word..that's BULLSHIT!" [Standing ovation!]

How about publishers? Quipped Warren: "It's a wonderful job for people who want a nervous breakdown and haven't yet had one!"

In a conversation with Stan Lee once, Warren said Lee had chided him about in his continuous battle to keep Warren publications on the newsstands. Lee, quoted by Warren, said, "There's room on the stands for everyone, Jim." "I told Stan yes I believe that, and I also

believe in Santa Claus, the stork, & the tooth fairy."

Commenting further, Warren held that of every 10 new magazines intro-duced, only two of them are still a-round after a year's time to celebrate their second birthday. The mor-tality rate has been high since the inroad of television and the shopping centers replacing former comic book outlets such as cigar stores & corner newsstands. Warren ran down a brief and partial comic book sales history as follows:

"1946...Superman & Batman were top selling magazines of all times."
"1948...Sixty million copies of comics sold a month." (All publishers.) ["DC sells ((a total of)) 30 million comics a year," said Warren.]
"1954...The Congressional Investigation." ["Four million dollars spent ((by the govt.)) to make a case against comics."]
"1955...Ninety-eight percent of existing titles put out of business, never to come back." (Establishment of the Code.)
"1961...The ten-cent comic becomes the 12-cent comic book."
"1963...Warren introduces CREEPY." [Threatened shut-down by the Code.]
"1966...Batman in prime television time." [Every Batman magazines print-ed a complete sell-out.]
"1968...Vampirella was born and people started calling me a dirty old man."
((Warren neglected to mention the year comics went to 15¢ or 1971 with the price hiked, depending on the company, to 20¢ and 25¢ (excluding the "Giants") but then why should he his books were never in the nickel-dime-quarter ante category!))

"What," asked Warren suddenly, "do you do with a 35-year-old industry that is sick and dying?" Just as quickly he answered his own question "When a few thousand fans show up each year at conventions like this.. well, it's a sign the patient may re-cover." Over applause, Warren opened a question-and-answer session.

Why are Warren magazines not un-der the Code? Said Warren, "I don't like authority...the kind that tells me what is good and what is bad. How much cleavage can be shown. Or a man can't be shown smacked in the mouth. Censorship, son, is at best a terrible thing...particularly when people in charge of creation know what they are doing." Pursuing the point further, Warren avowed: "They told me I was committing suicide. That I would be drummed out of the business ...well...I'm still here and they.... well they're still there. They seem to feel they represent Mom, the flag, and apple pie, and if anyone disagree the slightest with their views theyre automatically bad." To paraphrase War-ren, maybe "they" are the ones who are "icky, pishy-dooty!"

Asked about Bill Gaines, Warren unleashed his sword: "They broke that man! His Spirit. Physically! Funny thing about the U.S. Government. They can do that to a man!" That Gaines might have taken the easy way out by discontinuing the controversial EC line of the early 50's, Warren was a-damant in defense of Gaines, who in himself, is a father figure to much of fandom. "You have to be in that hot seat before a Congressional Com-mittee] to understand!" Warren said bluntly. "I have every respect for Bill Gaines. He made a wise decision to ditch CRYPT OF TERROR, HAUNT OF FEAR, and the others to stay only with MAD. It was a wise economic de-cision; he has the bank account to prove it!"

Gerard Geary,a fan who was la-ter to deliver one of the most pro-vocative lectures of the convetnion, [see story elsewhere in this issue] challenged Warren with a question that startled the audience: "What if Lt. William Calley read EC comics as a child?" (The quote is lifted from Geary's own speech given later.) The implication being, the audience knew a human massacre might have been a-voided. Warren assumed the look of a priest. His answer was what St. Phil-ip Neri might have given. "Nobody knows that answer except God." And then the pixie that is also always beside the troll in Warren took over and he said, "And he isn't here at this convention! Oh, excuse me, Phil [Seuling], I didn't see you back there!" Seriously, he said, "I just can't buy that theory that people like Calley are made by comic books. Maybe, just maybe, one millionth of one tenth of one per cent are. But that kind of research hasn't been done yet!"

Switching the subject, one fan asked him if his company would ever do a science-fiction book. Warren re-plied, "The only way a sci-fi comic book will ever make it is that 85000 kids pay in advance for it." He paus-ed and then gave one of the famed (or ill-famed) Warren asides: " ARE YOU LISTENING, SKYWALD?"

Questioned about causes and ef-fects that lead him up the purple path of publishing, Warren said it was a life-long love. At seven he was drawing pictures of Superman, a character then new to readers.He was still drawing comics when he was in high school. Later he worked in news-stands while in college & spent more hours reading comics and any other magazines that waiting on customers "when he could help it!" His financ-es that launched Warren publishing? "We didn't start on a shoestring; we started on a pair of dirty old sneak-ers. Five hundred dollars was a grubstake his parents loaned him; 5 hundred additional dollars were loan-ed by a bank. He took it from there And at that second, this time on a special afternoon that was a one and only Friday the second of July never to come again, Phil Seuling stepped up onto the speaker's platform. With the easy familiarity that has graced the 'PhilCons' he read...'The 1971 Comic Art Convention Plaque Awarded to James Warren for the Challenge,Vi-tality, and New Concepts he has brought to the publishing of Comic Art." Said Warren, "I heard I was go-ing to get this; I was going to make funny remarks about it...but it isn't the kind of thing...I want to make jokes about. I'm going to hang it in my office...I really appreci-ate this. I thank you very much, all of you out there!"

Like a comic book, maybe you can't judge Jim Warren by his cover; you've got to see what's really there inside. And maybe, both in the man and the book, you'll find a mes-sage!

A SALUTE... TO PHIL SEULING

PHIL EXAMINES THE ORIGINAL MARVEL ART TO "WHEN THE CURTAIN FALLS".

"I HAVE A BID OF 10¢ FOR THIS PORNOGRAPHIC COMIC STRIP."

THE WARREN AWARDS: PART II OF 'THE WARREN REPORT... 1971 STYLE'

(That's right, group -- PART II)

BY TOM FAGAN

Anyone not "in the know" drifting by chance into the Penn Top South mid-Friday afternoon during the Warren Publishing Company Award Presentations might have thought Jim Warren: not only a "dirty old man" but a "mean old man" as well.Neither of which is true, of course; it's just that Warren delights in false impressions. He's a showman by nature,be it either publishing or appearing before the public.

Naturally, he treated his audience to a three ring circus before directing their attention to the featured act on center stage...the second annual Warren trophy awards...the results of a previous poll of outstanding work done over the past year. With the gleaming trophies on hand and ready, Warren heightened the sus-pense by first calling on artists & writers within the audience to stand up and take their recognition. It wasn't the usual kind of introduction. With Warren nothing is ever 'usual'. It was done in the spirit of good-natured jesting and joking which amused the Warren 'staffers' and the fans alike. Warren introductions went like this:

"Billy Graham---If I had to name the top ten artists in the country, Billy'd place eleventh!"

"John Cochran, our new associate editor ---I walked into the office one day, saw him sitting there. So I asked him how long he had been working for us, and he answered, 'From the minute you walked through the door, Mr. Warren.'"

"Jerry Grandenetti---I always have a place in my heart for one of life's failures."

"Mike Royer---Stand up, Mike, and show us that new little mustache of yours.Judging from the last work you sent us, you must have used that instead of a paint brush."

"Dick Giordano---Another guy who doesnt work for us...because he's not good enough!"

"Ernie Colon---Ernie looks like a nice guy, but he's really a vicious cobra. The reason he writes for Harvey is because he's not good enough to write for the New York Times." [An in-joke as Colon recently had a letter published in The Times.]

"Nick Cuti---Nick likes to say 'Warren irritates people because he gives the impression he knows more than anybody else! Did it ever occur to you, Nick, that I do!"

"Gardner Fox---Gardner can't really write, you know, he just uses big words."

"Sanho Kim---You always see him wearing a black beret. He sleeps in it...even carries Neal Adams around in it!"

"Gerard Conway---Well, Gerry figured he could get a job at DC by lying to Carmine Infantino and telling him he was Italian!"

"T. Casey Brennan--T. Casey, stand up & show these people what a degenerate looks like!"

"Vaughn Bodē---Another terrific talent. Stand up and mumble something incoherent!"

Warren concluded the introductions grinning, "These are the people I like to insult, and it's only once a year I get to do it!" He turned, then, to the serious part of the program...the Award Presentation, Trophies were given as follows:

OUTSTANDING CREATIVE EXCELLENCE IN WRITING AND ART IN THE FIELD OF COMIC ART--WALLACE WOOD.
BEST STORY--- CREEPY 36: "On The Wings Of A Bird" by T. CASEY BRENNAN.
BEST INSIDE ART--- VAMPIRELLA 12: "Death's Dark Angel" by JOSĒ GONZALES.
BEST COVER--- FRANK FRAZETTA. [Name of the magazine on which it appeared not given.]
ALL-AROUND BEST WRITER--- ARCHIE GOODWIN.

In the brief question and answer period that followed, some of the topics covered included:

Warren will be publishing a new magazine. Two issues should be in print by the 1972 convention. "Though I don't like the word 'revolutionary'---it's so overused---the magazine will be that," Warren said. Though he did not release its title, Warren indicated the magazine would be a controversial one and one sold only to those over the new legal age of 18.

BLAZING COMBAT...an earlier Warren magazine that failed in 1965. Why? Warren said he felt it was due to the publication's "anti-war" nature. In this respect, he said it was "ahead of its time and so was unpopular. I felt it shouldn't have been a failure!" he added.

Use of color in Warren magazines?"The way I would want to see it and have it done, there'd have to be a five-dollar cover price." Warren indicated he had no immediate plans for color throughout his books, citing again prohibitive costs with resulting low markets for sales.

Can publishing be a dog-eat-dog business? Warren gave two examples of how it can be:

A rival publisher learning Warren was planning to come out with the then-new EERIE decided to take the title for his own. Warren and his small staff worked "three days straight around the clock." They produced a condensed-size EERIE---500 copies was the print run. "It looked like a fanzine," Warren commented. These copies (now a rare collector's item) were sent out to several major cities and sold on newsstands. Warren's attorneys took author-ized statements of the sales. "We ran into the Library of Congress while all this was going on, " Warren said, "and had the Eerie title copyrighted. We did this four hours before he (the rival publisher) was to go to press with his own Eerie title." That would-be title never saw publication for as Warren expressed it..."And we got his ass! We proved to a rival publisher we don't like being stepped upon!"

The other instance cited by Warren was more recent. A publisher's association, of which Warren is a member, agreed to have an $8,000 sales survey made and the results would be made known to fifty major distributors. "A brilliant idea," Warren observed caustically. The survey was conducted and Warren books were to be included, Warren said.However, before the survey was released Warren dis-covered his books were not listed. "An oversight," Warren said he was told, adding he was fiven assurance the matter would be corrected in time. It wasn't and deliberately so, Warren stated. His lawyers acted on the matter; Warren money contributed to the survey was returned. And the publisher responsible for this? Yes, Warren named the publisher before the convention audience. He also named the publisher involved in the EERIE hassle.

If you'd like to know the names,our suggestion is you ask Jim Warren himself.

FRANK FRAZETTA

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"BEST INSIDE ART": "Death's Dark Angel" from Vampirella #12 Artwork by Josē Gonzales.

BILLY GRAHAM

FUNNY BONES ... PICKED CLEAN

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

Archie going relevant; MAD as compar-ed to NATIONAL LAMPOON; Underground Comics; drug stories; the Code; the unknown origin of Alfred E. Neuman; that word on the rump of a sabre-tooth tiger; Millie the Model; an EC movie...Diversified subjects such as these covered in a single sitting? Well, not covered in depth really, but all were touched upon during Saturday's opening lecture of the 1971 Comic Art Convention. The July 3rd subject was supposedly "Comedy in The Comics". Which it started off as true, but ideas traded freely between panelists and audience soon turned into a delightful rap session delving into many fascinating aspects of comic book policy and love.

Panelists were initially: Bill Vigoda and Henry Scarpelli of Archie; Mark Hanerfeld and E. Nelson Bridwell, both editors at National; Dom Sileo of Harvey; and Sergio Aragones, whose work appears in Mad, DC and numerous other publications.

Vigoda took the lead by relating how years back while working under Harry Shor-ten, "I used to write as well as draw.Do the complete package, you know. If I want-ed to do Archie that was the way it was." (Many of the Archie books today are penciled by Harry P. Lucey.) The balance be-tween words and pictures? Vigoda express-ed the opinion, "Comics should be illustrations with words...keep the dialogue to a minimum; tell the story with clean illustrations."

Sileo gave the view at Harvey:"We're not so interested in the words per se.The five-year-old has to be able to look at the pictures and get the story. That's what we're concerned with. Eliminate anything that's not necessary; keep the story going."

Letting pictures tell the story without the use of words is an Aragones trademark. And collaboration between artist and writer can sometimes be difficult. As he has been both writer and artist,Aragones knows. He explained: "I wrote a thing called BAT LASH." The audience showed its approval of the unfortunately short-lived series by resounding applause. "Anyway, I would think of the story visually. Nick Cardy (the artist) would think of it in terms of fantastic composition. We used to get into some real arguements about how it should be done sometimes," Aragones smiled, remembering. "But it always came out pretty well." The audience demonstrated again with heart applause, for they thought that Bat Lash did, indeed come out well.

Touching on the history of Archie Comics, Vigoda termed "Archie Comics..... the first humor comic in the comic book industry. Before that, there was only adventure; which, of course, is still the mainstay today." Bridwell pointed out Archie deserved this qualification, for such comics as Mickey Mouse magazines were not original strips, but reprints of Mickey and Donald Duck's strips that had previously appeared in newspapers, while Archie concentrated on original humor.Han-erfeld commented further that Harvey and Archie were both successful publishing ventures that depended solely on humor.

"Of course," Hanerfeld said, "adventure can be combined with humor. Take the work of Carl Barks (Uncle Scrooge). It's very funny stuff and at the same time, it's some of the best adventure material around."

Bridwell pointed to the "old Mad" as the first of the comic magazines that dealt strictly with another form of humor "satire". Said Bridwell, "It was slanted strictly toward satire but without contin-uing characters."

Drawing on his Mexican background, Aragones said, "Spanish and American humor is the same; people like to laugh at the same things." He said he had no trouble making the transition from doing Span-ish comics to working for American comics for this reason. "The humor is basically the same; only the situations used are different." Aragones gave a number of factors accounting for the scarcity of adult humor magazines. "It's very hard for adults to buy humor magazines (psychologically) because usually such magazines are associated with being 'just for kids'." Poorly done humor books of the past make adults leery of the new books. "Economically, it is very difficult, then, to main-tain a continuing adult humor book," explained Aragones, "However, there definitely is a market for them, and there should be more of these books." Aragones cautioned humor is not easy to write or draw..."There is a very thin line between laughter and tragedy. Cross it, you have sick humor; don't quite reach it you have very mild or very dull humor."

Scarpelli told the audience 'relevan-cy' is being worked into the latest Archie stories. "We're trying to make Archie a bit more mature...make he and his friends a bit more up-to-date. We already have a couple of stories on the pollution problem, for example." Will the humor be gone, then, from Archie? Not so, vowed Vigoda and Scarpelli. "We're going to use humor to get across serious points." Future stories will ential use of adventure and romance. The 'new' Archie stories will also be dealing with such phenomena as the hippie movement, psychadelic art (the Peter Max influence will be showing up), the latest in fashions; in short, things that interest and concern young people. Both Scarpelli and Vigoda were adamant drugs will not be subjects dealt with in Archie stories. "There's nothing funny about drugs," said Scarpelli flatly.

Do they anticipate any trouble with Comic Code dictates? Vigoda was asked. "Not really," he replied, "nothing major. Though in drawing Betty and Veronica we already know we can't show navels, and have to be careful in showing them in bikinis." This drew laughter from the crowd ...more laughter, along with some disgust-ed shaking of heads, followed as Vigoda recounted one panel that drew code objection. It showed a girl's dressing room scene. Veronica, with a towel draped about her was shown, her back to the reader. "The towel wasn't high enough for Code taste," said Vigoda, "They told us we had to give her a bra. So we drew a single line...no problem!"

Yes, Archie's publishers drew up the main characters for the Archie television series. This was the extent of the publishers' participation, said he & Scarpelli; the Archie company does not direct the TV program.

"Part of American humor," Vigoda said, "deals with stereotypes such as the Italian organ grinder, the Pullman porter, the Irish washwoman, and the like." However, Vigoda said he took it on himself long ago to cut them out of Archie stories if such characters could not be handled in an inoffensive manner. "Today there should be no prejudice in Archie stories," he stated, "of course, there always is... by what's not put into a story."

Was National upset by Marvel's NOT BRAND ECCCH takeoffs of DC characters? "Actually, we had our own Marvel takeoff first in our INFERIOR FIVE stories,"Brid-well smiled. "We always took the Marvel satire in good humor same as they took ours." What about Marvel's drug story in the SPIDERMAN books? How had DC felt about that? Hadn't DC Editorial Director Carmine Infantino publicly 'scolded' Mar-vel about the story through the New York Times? Hanerfeld countered, "Marvel could have put out any drug story they wanted...if they had observed a gentleman's agreement. (The inference was code restrictions were [and now have been] loosened and comic book publishers had agreed t- wait until the rules were relaxed.) Marvel jumped the gun for reasons of their own," Hanerfeld avowed. He added the Green Lantern-Green Arrow-Speedy drug story "had been in the drawer for a year and a half," and was not published until the code rule change-overs were in effect

The current Underground Comics?Said Aragones philosophically, "Everybody should be able to do what they want...if they are bothered by the type of humor they shouldn't read it." Bridwell shrugged, "They turn me off personally. They don't seem to want to do good art, just to shock." "Well, they're very successful in what they're trying to do," Vigoda commented.

By now, Gaines and Miss Severin had joined the panel. Gaines told the audience "Marie colored virtually every EC comic ever published. She is the greatest!" Applause was overwhelming.

What are feelings about NATIONAL LAM-POON? Aragones was of the opinion NL is not competition for Mad. "There is plenty of room for both." Remarking further, he described National Lampoon as having "some fantastic articles; some very bad ones. But young people run it, and it's going to be a very good magazine." Gaines observed that, while "Mad is designed to appeal from the ten-year-old up, National Lampoon is obviously designed for older teenagers and those of the college level" Thus Mad has greater market appeal.

NATIONAL LAMPOON accepts advertising and MAD MAGAZINE doesn't? "That's a trap Mad won't get into." By not accepting advertising, Gaines explained, you run a story without worrying about losing an account, particularly a major account, that might well be the subject of the story.

'Mirthful Marie' was asked to comment on changes within the character Millie The Model from dumb blonde to not-so-dumb blonde, and other new deviations in story line. Miss Severin replied, "We do what sells; Guess we're copying Archie." Laughter from the audience indicated they liked the response.

Hanerfeld was asked his view of the code. "The Code is keeping Big Brother away!" "You mean the Code is actually good for something," came an audible whisper out of the audience.

DC humor magazines BINKY, SCOOTER,DEB-BIE...all are dead, replied Hanerfeld to another question; "sad to say." (Asked about the fate of Scooter in another panel, the pixish Denny O'Neil said just as solemnly, "One neither knows, nor does one care!")

A little schmuck (no other word describes him better) waved his hand frantically and demanded to know from Miss Severin about the four-letter word that fans claim to have seen on the pictured rump of Zabu on a Marvel Ka-Zar cover. Said she, "It was something in the inking. I didn't even see it until it was pointed out to me."

Asked if MAD had not switched from comic book format to slick magazine format would it have enjoyed such longevity (as it is still doing). Gaines said, "If it hadn't, MAD would have had to gone through the Comics Code Authority, and MAD could not have survived <u>that</u> experience!" Asked about the origin of the "What Me Worry"kid Gaines said no one really knows. The picture that has come to represent the famous 'Alfred' of MAD, Gaines said, has been in existence since the 1880's. Gaines mentioned how a battery of researchers had traced the picture back to one first hanging in front of the office of a Topeka, Kansas 'painless dentist' and bearing the caption, "It didn't hurt a bit!" Beyond this the researchers were unable to go, though it is almost certain the picture originated before then.

Harvey Kurtzman, editor of MAD before he left EC, Gaines said, had a number of names for 'Alfred'. It was an editor to follow, Alfred Feldstein, who finally gave the character the final name, "Alfred E. Neuman". He has been known "exclusively"as that ever since, said Gaines.

If the Code were lifted would Gaines go back into horror? No, said Gaines emphatically. "Not enough money in it!" Is EC dead for all time? No, said Gaines again. Fact is, five stories from TALES OF THE CRYPT have been purchased and a contract signed. The stories will be used to make up a moving picture, the filming of which begins in September of 1971. The company filming the picture? The same one that did THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD.

UP, UP, AND -gasp...wheeze...cough- .... AWAAYYY

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

Concerned those magnificent friends of yours may soon be turning in their capes and cowls for PTA memberships and cushy jobs as insurance executives? You needn't be. The masked men and women in comics may be more realistic now in their everyday living but they aren't about to be chained down to home mortgage payments and the country club set quite yet. Nor to retirement plans or fringe benefits.By Cthulhu's left tentacle, they're not! Heroes and heroines are heading higher. Great days are coming. Super guys and gals aren't hanging; they're swinging. Up against the wall, those of you who don't think so!

This is the message. This is the word. Batman's not busted; he's better. The <u>real</u> Joker's returning. Iron Man's not consigned to the scrap file. Green Arrow hasn't been shafted. Supergirl's to have a sex life. Conan's chopping away sales figures. The Teddy Bear stalks by night, and Green Lantern's ring is out of hock.

The credo of the hour? "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shalt be! And, by Odin, be sure and put the emphasis on that last phrase. That's where the emphasis belongs. But 'everybody' says the super-hero is down. A-, wrong! Not everybody. Listen to these voices crying in the four-colored wilderness. Listen to one voice first...the voice of Denny O'Neil. To quote:

"Down?...Yes! Out?...Not yet! Around ...Yes!"

Need additional testimonials? Okay, howzabout:

Gil Kane..."Super-heroes are still a-round for a long time yet!"

Len Wein..."The Super-Hero may be down, but he's not out."

O'Neil...(Well, you already heard from him!)

R. Thomas..."The super-hero concept is alive and viable!" (Roy's background as a teacher shows on that one.)

Exactly one hour and twenty minutes later, none other than Neal Adams echoed those statements. You see, he was a bit late for the panel where this message was given; a panel entitled:

"DON'T KICK A SUPER-HERO WHEN HE'S DOWN!"

Down? The panel concensus that Saturday afternoon of July 3rd held the gentlemen and ladies of super-reknown were hardly dying with their capes on, but, lawsy, are as frisky as ever, and confident of even further future fame and fortune. Or at least have an extended lease on life.

Silver-haired Gil Kane took the lead in this 1971 Comic Art Convention panel. In fatherly tones he drew the audience's attention to the undeniable fact that ... "The super-hero represents the mythology that comic books are based upon. Economically speaking, they still form the mainstay for those companies publishing their adventures." "Dont forget," Roy Thomas chimed in, "the super-hero was really the glue that held the industry together.That alone should show he has a certain amount of 'staying power'. Why, even in the 50's Batman, Superman, and Wonder Woman were still around." (Roy was referring to the decline and death of super-hero comics in that decade.)

Actually, Kane expounded, the devil-may-care detective, the chino-clad cowhand, the stalwart spaceman, and the costumed champion..."are all one-and-the-same hero" underneath their printed skins. "Attempts have been made and are continuing to broaden the base of these characters, enlarge their concepts, take them in-to new areas." Previously, Kane explained, super-hero comics were done to suit the taste of the individual publisher.Story and art were, consequently, formulized. Men like Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko broke with tradition...lighting the way with work that was both individualized & stylized. Now the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. Artists and writers are allowed increasing freedom of expression. "And, of course," Kane said, "the very best comics today come from the companies that are allowing their creative staff greater leeway.

"Comics can't but help reflect what's happening. We live in a very aware time. Readers are more sophisticated, more sharp in their perceptions. They demand a product that's in accordance with the times." Kane summed up his train of thought concerning the comic book industry thusly: "We were getting the range!
Now we're zeroing in!
I predict you'll see a revolution in comics in the next 10 years!"

O'Neil couldn't have agreed more: "We're structuring story lines now to mirror in as far as possible the way real life is lived. We're taking the super-hero concept and refining it into the midstream of American reality to make it more solidly a part of our folklore and tradition."

Wein entered another viewpoint of the new writing styles: "We're not only interested in the character as a superhero ...we're interested in him as a person. What is he and she really like. How Barry Allen feels about his job... Does Clark Kent get along with the people who live in his apartment building?...The private thoughts of those (super) people. Supergirl's sex life...After all, she does have to have one, you know," Wein acknowledged the laughter of his audience.

Thomas pointed out that, along with realism, there is room for imagination,and readers want both. "Denny works in social consciousness with a greater deal of realism into his Green Lantern - Green Arrow stories," said Thomas, "while I utilize al-most complete fantasy in Conan. And both books sell."

O'Neil was in complete assent. Since he has introduced the Gothic Romance type of storytelling into the Batman series, those books, too, have been selling well.

DENNY O'NEIL, ROY THOMAS, GIL KANE, LEN WEIN

And if a book doesn't sell, the panel agreed, no matter how good the character or characters may be, the titles are cancelled.

Invariably, the Comics Code Authority entered the conversation. O'Neil convulsed panel and listeners alike by relating a fantasy he used to entertain of having bombs in hand and descending with rightful wrath on the Code. "There was a time when the Code was my sworn enemy," O'Neil chuckled, "but it's affecting us less and less these days. The (recently) ammended Code is better to work under. Now it's only the capricious whims that occasionally annoy." What kind of whims? In the two-part Green Lantern-Green Arrow drug story, O'Neil related, the Code dictated a hypodermic needle could not be shown on an inside panel but had no objection to the needle being shown on the front cover. That was the 1st issue, O'Neil said. For the second-parter, the Code dictum required only one--not two hypos--could appear in a single inside panel.

Thomas had his own Code story to tell, concerning Marvel. A new title had been named, "Werewolf by Night". The Code didn't cotten to that, said Thomas. "They suggested we call it 'Marauder by Night'. We got all orgasmic over that one! So I said, 'How about calling it 'Teddy Bear by Night'?" Thomas chuckled. The outcome? "They told us we could use 'Werewolf by Night' on the inside but they didn't want it on the cover. We're still hoping to reach a compromise!"

And, invariably, this line of conversation prompted questions of how each of the panelists would feel working for the Underground Comics, which operate with no Code restrictions whatever. The answers:

Wein..."I wouldn't be interested in the least. All they seem to want to do is make a buck and run!"

O'Neil..."I have no interest. All they seem to be is shock and outrage on every page. By the time I reach page 10 my sense of shock and outrage is worn out!"

Kane..."I'm not all that interested in outraging everyone. It's not my bag. I like to work on novels and acheive a balance between words and pictures. No,going into Underground Comics doesn't hold any temptation for me!"

The indomitable Thomas..."I wouldn't want to write for them. I might like to try it as an artist. They have some good artists, sure, but there's so many others who don't seem to know which end of the pen is up; I just might make it."

Well Kane philosophized, "Originally, the Code was organized by the publishers to keep everybody off their respective backs and away from comics. You could say it was sort of a Protective Cattleman's Association!" His apt analogy was applauded.

By September, both Marvel and National books will be of different sizes and prices. National intends to stick with the 48-page book at 25¢. Marvel, however, is cutting back to 36-page books with 20¢ cover prices, said Thomas, adding he didn't agree with the price switchover entirely,but wholesalers have been complaining the 25¢ books do not sell as well and make the dealer only a penny more than previous profit.

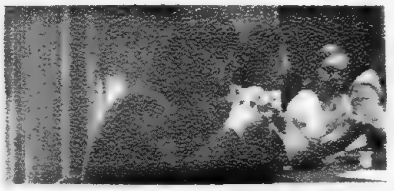
What's happening at Marvel? Roy reported: "Stan's not riding off into the sunset as some would have you believe. He'll be doing Spiderman as usual." After four issues of Fantastic Four by Archie Goodwin Roy will take over the FF scripting, and Goodwin The Hulk. "Frankly, I was getting awfully tired of writing 'Hulk Stomp!'" said Thomas. Iron Man is to go bi-monthly. Conan sales aren't as good as they might be, Thomas stated, and then asked O'Neil, "How's Scooter doing?"

"One neither knows, nor does one care!" Denny answered.

"Hey!" shrilled a youngster from the audience, "Is Green Lantern going to make it?"

"Make it with whom?" smiled O'Neil impishly. Then becoming serious about the Green Lantern-Green Arrow strip, his writing of which has made comic book history, O'Neil commented on the now famous "Agnew" issue. "Eighty-five percent of the reaction was favorable. We had letter after letter saying things like, 'You guys are really getting heavy.' 'You're really getting into it.'" The other 15 per cent? "Those were death threats," shrugged O'Neil. Publication of the GL-GA "Slum Landlord" issue, a story in which blacks are treated as "good guys" and, more importantly, "people" brought another kind of reaction. Upon its publication, O'Neil said, "The governor of a southern state wrote National demanding Carmine Infantino's resignation!" Sales of the controversial GL-GA books, the writer said, have been good enough to keep the series in publication. Moreover, the stories are going to be reprinted in, not one paperback, but two, and these paperbacks are another guarantee of continuance for some time yet.

NEAL ADAMS, ILLUSTRATOR EXTRAORDINAIRE



Neal Adams, who by now had joined the panel, and O'Neil were both asked about The Batman. "That godawful television show!" O'Neil sighed. "It's cramped us for a long time, but finally we've been able to do The Batman as he should be done!"Applause greeted that statement. Adams said, "We're going to brink back the old villains if they sell. We've already tried Two Face. We have a Joker story in the works...the way the Joker should be done. As he was originally intended!" Does he think the old Batman villains will sell? Adams answered affirmatively. "What was wrong with the villain's stories (the Schiff & Camp eras) wasn't the villains themselves; it was the way the story lines were handled. We want to bring them back as they should be!" Asked his opinion of The Batman newspaper strip, Adams said simply: "It's still going. It's a minor success...and it's DULL!"

Characterization-not a punch in the mouth-will be the salvation of the superhero in the days and years to come, the panel concluded.

So, Up! Up! And gasp...wheeze... cough) Awaaaaayyyy!

BY GOETHE, IT'S SHAZAM & TOMORROW'S FINEST!

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

Fans and pros alike agree about what is good and what is bad in comics. Editors may not think so, but it's true; as shown during: The 'Goethe Awards' presented July 3, 1971, for outstanding work done in the field of Comic Art in 1970.As far as professional work being recognized the Goethe Awards were "almost a mirror image" of the "Shazam Awards" made May 12 by the Academy of Comic Book Arts. (ACBA represents the professionals.) In the absence of Donald and Margaret Thompson,who originally conducted the fan poll, Saturday's master of ceremonies was Tony Isabella. The Goethe ratings:

Favorite Fan Artist: Bob Kline
Favorite Fan Writer: Jan Strnad
Favorite Fanzine: "Newfangles"
Favorite Underground Comic (?): "Captain George Presents"
Favorite Pro Editor: Dick Giordano
Favorite Comic Book Character: Deadman
Favorite Pro Writer: Denny O'Neil and Roy Thomas (a tie)
Favorite Pro Artist: Neal Adams
Favorite Comic Book Story: "No Evil Shall Escape My Sight"
Favorite Comic Book: Green Lantern -Green Arrow

Accepting the writer's award for him-self and Thomas, O'Neil said, "We're very glad you like what we write and we're very grateful you recognize us like this." Called to the stage again to accept the award for best story, O'Neil commented: "I'd like to accept this on behalf of Julius Swartz. I know it's a cliche, and it is a trite and corny phrase to use, but nevertheless without Julie this wouldn't have been possible." His thank-you was answered with resounding applause. (The story was written by O'Neil, drawn by Adams, and edited by Swartz.)

Giordano, in thanking the fans, quipped, "Gee! Now that I'm not an editor anymore, I get voted 'best editor'. Thank you all very much!"

Adams expressed his thanks with an added statement that brought applause from those assembled. In essence, Adams said he has long argued with editors and other professionals that fan balloting is every bit as valid and thoughtful as any by pros. "Despitewhat editors say, the AC

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BA nominations came up as almost a mirror image. The results are almost the same!" Bearing in mind the Shazam Awards entail different categories in some respects,and no fan recognition is given, here is the way ACBA voting went:

Best Penciler: Neal Adams
Best Inker: Dick Giordano
Outstanding New Talent: Barry Smith
Best Continuing Feature: Green Lantern - Green Arrow
Best Story: "No Evil Shall Escape My Sight!"
Best Writer: Dennis O'Neil
Best Humor Penciler: Bob Oskner
Best Humor Inker: Henry Scarpelli
Best Colorist: Jack Adler
Best Letterer: Sam Rosen
Best Humor Writer: Carl Barks
Most Outstanding Achievement In The Field Jim Steranko's "History of Comics"
Special Achievement Outside The Field: Nostalgia Press
Hall Of Fame Award: Jerry Seigel and Joe Shuster
Best Foreign Feature: "Legionairios"

Incidentally, ACBA recently elected its new officers for the year. They are: Giordano, president; Mimi Gold, treasurer and Sal Amendola, secretary. A brief ACBA meeting was held furing the course of the convention and it was reported supporting memberships are on the increase. A favorable vote followed to purchase an Adress-O-Graph machine to facilitate easier hand-ling of future mailings.

Quite apart from the Shazam and Goethe awards were convention-sponsored Amateur Art Contest Awards presented Monday, July 5th, "by today's famous artists to tomorrow's best."

The winners:
1st place Gold Medal: B. B. Sams
2nd place Silver Medal: Chris Notarile
3rd place Bronze Medal: Wayne Pond

Contest judges were: Jeff Jones, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta, and Berni Wright-son.

A LITTLE MADNESS, ANYONE???

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

H. Kurtzman

"Where else can you find a group of people, as yourselves, who respond to important names like 'Carl Barks'..... like 'Ghastly Graham Ingels'...like..."

"Like 'Harvey Kurtzman'!" prompted someone in the audience.

"That's right!" said the speaker,his eyes twinkling mischievously, "Like 'Harvey Kurtzman'!"

The speaker was Kurtzman. Present for the Saturday madcap-evening session was one of the largest crowds of the entire con. They had come t- hear the man who created Mad Comics, edited the two classic EC titles "Two Fisted Tales" and "Frontline Combat", has a book about the history of comics in thr making, and is co-creator of the fantastically popular "Little Annie Fannie" strip in Playboy magazine. Kurtzman was only a year late for his convention debut. He was to have been one of the honored banquet guests at the 1970 Con. Hollywood commitments, however, made it impossible for him to attend. But merry as a schoolboy on holiday Kurtzman now greeted the admiring audience of July 3rd. His attitude was that of a li-berated leprechaun, a gleeful gremlin shunning prepared speeches. No, it was to be a lively contest of banter between speaker and listener...a laugh-a-minute lecture. Like, WOW! The flip side of serious is Harvey Kurtzman!

"Ask me anything," urged Kurtzman, "ask me anything but who models Little An-nie Fannie? Or where the 'What-Me-Worry' Kid came from? Or the meaning of 'Potreze-bie'?" The jest set the tone for high-jinks. The audience didn't mind at all; they had plenty of other questions.

No, neither he nor Bill Elder keeps the original art done for Little Annie Fannie. It's kept by Playboy and "used over and over again. They get a lot of mil-eage out of it," Kurtzman chuckled. Little Annie Fannie has become a full-time project for Kurtzman. "It's an amoeba-like thing that takes over completely. But itll gradually break loose, no doubt, in time, leaving me more time for other projects." Such a project as his history of comics.

The history is "due to break in the Fall," said Kurtzman, adding he'd "been trying to get it to break since 1968. But we're proofing the pages now." The Esquire piece by Kurtzman that appeared this year was nothing more than a smattering of the overall history itself.

Asked about the well-known disagreement that caused him to leave EC, Kurtzman said, "I'm still friends with Bill Gaines but I wouldn't consider working with him again."

The idea that led to the singularly successful Mad Comics that continues today as the slick Mad Magazine? "I had to come up with something that I could do without research such as the extensive research that was necessary for Two Fist-ed Tales and Frontline Combat. That's how Mad was born...I didn't have to leave the room to do it." Kurtzman added he gave up editing the two aforementioned war books because "They weren't selling," even though they were extremely popular with fans and are sought-after collectors items today.

The present Mad Magazine? "They're doing a competent job; they're more commercial than I ever could have been."

Has he ever gotten into trouble with satire? Yes, an Archie takeoff he'd done called 'Goodman Beaver Goes To Playboy'. Said Kurtzman, "The story was prohibited and taken out of circulation...and Goldwater sued the can off me!" (Goldwater heads Archie Comics Publications, Inc.)

Kurtzman is credited with giving many of the Underground Comics artists their start. He was the first to publish the work of such now-familiar names as Skip Williamson, Jay Lynch, and Robert Crumb. How does Kurtzman feel about the underground books? "Underground Comics are the hottest things published today, and they most closely correspond with the audience. Syndicated comics are sterile! Underground Comics are new! They're fresh ...they're the frontier!" They're also de-void of sham and hypocrisy, is Kurtzmahs contention. Said he, "Guys like Crumb and S. Clay Wilson...They bring it right out there in the open...Tell it like it is... There's no hidden symbolism, say, like there is in 'Flash Gordon'. Asked to elab-orate, Kurtzman stated, "Flash Gordon is totally devoted to Freudian symbolism.You have guys wearing nothing but jock straps running around waving swords at each other. They have ray guns which they could just as easily use to zap one another.But they don't! Why? And Dale's always wearing something that looks like something straight out of a burlesque show. Why's she dressed like that? Yeah, why?" He answered the question with a playful: "You know why!"

No one rebutted the analysis. However, it must have been a Flash Gordon fan, trying to save face, that asked the next question:

"Do you think Batman is gay?"

Kurtzman's reply: "I don't know; I haven't gone out with him!"

Where does Kurtzman get his material? "Essentially, I'm not a joke teller. I de-pend on things that happen today and tom-orrow for my material!"

Perhaps, but two decades now Harvey Kurtzman has made people laugh, and along with laughing, has had them thinking...an achievement the convention audience acknowledged with wild clapping as he conclu-ded:

"Thank you. You're wonderful people; all of you!"

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THERE ARE TWO MORE DAYS' WORTH OF CON ACTIVITIES TO BE COVERED? WELL, THERE ARE! HARVEY KURTZMAN'S TALK ENDED THE CON'S ACTIVITIES FOR SATURDAY, JULY 3rd .
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, SUNDAY, JULY 4TH, BROUGHT ABOUT THE OPENING OF ALL AREAS OF THE CONVENTION FOR THE 3RD DAY, AND, AT 11:30, FORMALLY INTRODUCED THE CONVENTION AUDIENCE TO "THE LAST OF THE SERIAL KINGS" KIRK ALYN!
FOR ANOTHER OF TOM'S FINE REPORTS, TURN THE PAGE!

THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN and he can have it!

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

Ever dream of being Superman? Well, Kirk Alyn was! Instead of being a dream, it turned into a nightmare! It almost cost him his life, livelihood, and identity! Even so, listening to Alyn today, you have the feeling being the 'Man of Steel' wasnt all that bad. It's just that he wouldn't care to repeat the experience. Twice around is enough!Kirk Alyn, you see, was the Hollywood Superman of the Columbia serials of 1948 and 1950. From the beginning there were problems, and you guessed it,MORE problems! The adventures of a Hollywood Superman read like a book. As a matter of fact, Kirk Alyn has written a book about those adventures, newly released and on sale at the 1971 Comic Art Convention. Alyn, himself, was at the con, not only to promote his book, but to relate first-hand the trials and tribulations of an ordinary man suddenly becoming "the man from Krypton."

Actors have a habit of immersing themselves completely in roles. It happened to him, Alyn related, and the make-believe transferred itself to the serial directors, writers, and crew on down. "Psychologically I was Superman. The director would tell me to do something, and I'd do it without thinking. And they'd forget sometimes I wasn't Superman." First day shooting called for a tricky shot. A speeding train is to be derailed un-less Superman pushes a section of track back into place just as the train passes. Cameras would shoot from one side of the track while Alyn in a kneeling pose on the opposite side preten-ded to perform the superhuman task. "How far from the track can Kirk kneel and have the train still miss him?" asked movie-makers of railroad personnel. "Fifteen inches and he'll be okay and don't worry. We've told the engineer to slow her way down when he comes through." "So there I was, wondering what in hell I was doing here. And the thought hit maybe I'd better tuck in my cape to keep it from being whipped under the train and me with it. I kept thinking, yeah, what am I doing here; I'm an ac-tor. I'm not a stuntman!" But it was too late; the cameras were rolling and the train was coming. "And he wasn't slowing down; he was doing about 90!"

"Everybody was yelling 'You'll be alright, Kirk! Don't worry about a thing!' I wasn't very reassured, though, with the di-rector and the train officials both run-ing back another 50 feet and the crew on the opposite side, leaving cameras running doing the same thing. I froze! literally froze. I didn't even realize the train had passed. Didn't realize it until the director ran up, shook me, and said 'Great job, Kirk! We got it on one take. It'll look great on the screen!' Well, that's all you have to say to an actor, " Alyn smiled, "and we got ready for the next shot." All through the five-week filming there were close calls. In one scene the actor narrow-ly missed execution. "You see, the writers were writing for the man from Krypton, not Kirk Alyn. Even Spencer Bennet the director, would forget at times. One scene called for me to pick up Lois Lane under one arm and Jimmy Olson under the other & carry them to safety. On the sixth take Bennet said, 'I can see the veins straining in your neck, Kirk.'"Gosh Spence," I said, "These are real people I'm carrying you know." Bennet's reply? 'Gee, I'm sorry kid, you aren't supposed to be carrying them; we've got dummies for that shot!"

Another time, Alyn said, he carried Lois Lane up a long staircase eight times before the director realized a dummy was to be used. "Good thing, too!" Alyn laughed, "I was about ready to collapse."

Flying sequences were saved until the last day of filming. Alyn in full Superman regalia was lifted aloft on wires. Smoke pots churned below to provide the illusion of clouds and a giant fan whipped the smoke upwards. It also swirled sparks into the air. "And while I was coughing and wheezing with my eyes blinded and streaming, I suddenly realized something was bur-ning, and that something was me! 'Let me down! I'm on fire!' I yelled. 'Get me out of here!' They did, but it took 15 minutes before I was on the ground again. And then they poured a pitcher of water on me as the uniform was still smoldering in places. But once the camera starts you can't quit; I was back on the wires again and we finished the scenes." That didn't end it, however. When the film was process-ed, the wires could be clearly seen. "And the producer was so mad he fired the entire camera crew on the spot. Later we went over to a special effects studio and got the kind of shots we wanted."

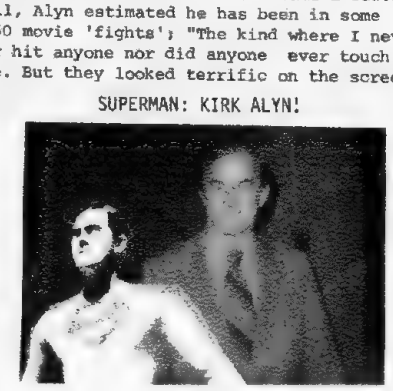
The second Superman serial was easier to film as new camera techniques had been perfected and new camera tricks learned. "In neither serial did I have to say 'Up, Up, and Awaaaayy!' or 'This looks like a job for Superman!'" Alyn explained. "That was done on the radio. But in the movie you saw Superman doing the action, so there was no need."

About his lead role as Blackhawk? "When we made that serial, all I had to do was fight, swing fists, jump off buildings and the like. It was a cinch," Alyn chuckled," After doing Superman...anything would be!" In the meantime, Columbia Pictures had sold the Superman serials to RKO theatre chain and the films proved so popular they were shown in the first rate houses throughout the country. For any serial to do this was unusual. And both serials were signed for 5-year runs each. "They were so popular," Alyn said, "sudden-ly I couldn't get a job in movies. Everybody thought of me as Superman! I was type-casted!" After being told there was no work for him in Hollywood, Alyn returned to New York City and got a partin a Broadway show. This lead to other parts. He was working when a telephone call came saying they were filming Superman for a television series and did he want the job? "I was ready to tell them what they could do with their offer," Alyn said, "But my agent said 'Kirk, you can't use that kind of language. Just tell them thanks but no and let it go at that.' I calmed down and did just that."

The Superman role was passed on to George Reeves. Again type-casting resulted. "Evidently George Reeves was unhappy about it. If you'll recall what happened." Everyone in the audience did. Years later Reeves committed suicide by shooting himself, according to official police record.

Alyn related some of his movie experiences. He had played many roles other than comic book characters. He has been cowby, detective, G-man...to name a few.In all, Alyn estimated he has been in some 250 movie 'fights'; "The kind where I never hit anyone nor did anyone ever touch me. But they looked terrific on the screen!"

SUPERMAN: KIRK ALYN!



COCKRUM
'71

People like Roy Barcroft and Charlie King, the 'real heavies' of the serials were "some of the gentlest and finest people you'd ever want to meet," said Alyn. 'The rougher and meaner a guy looked on the screen, the nicer the guy was in real life."

Alyn called for one more question before concluding his talk.

Piped up an eight-year-old latecomer, "How did you fly in your Superman pictures?"

Alyn, having already covered the subject in great detail, laughed good naturedly and, bending down from the podium said solemnly: "Son, I used a cape!"

NEXT ISSUE:
THE LONGEST AND FINEST HYPERMAN STRIP EVER PUBLISHED. WRITTEN & DRAWN BY YE EDITOR, BGW, IT WILL ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS LEFT UNANSWERED, TIGHTEN UP ALL LOOSE ENDS, AND PROVIDE AN ENDING WHICH WE'RE NOT SURE YOU'RE GOING TO EXPECT.
THOUGH AT THIS TIME AN INKER HAS NOT YET BEEN SELECTED, YOU CAN EXPECT SOME VERY GOOD ART (AND A GOOD, FAST-MOVING STORY!).

THE REBEL & THE FOX

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

One has written fifty million words; the other has a mere 25 stories to his cre-dit. What have they in common? Both epito-mize comics though each is at an opposite end of the four-color age spectrum. One came early; the other came late. Each has made an indelible impression. They are to be honored for their contributions. Honored this Sunday, a July 4th afternoon, at the 1971 Comic Art Convention. They are seated at the head banquet table, surround-ed by friends, encompassed by fans.

One is Gardner F. Fox, whose name has been consistent with comics since Batman first spun out over rooftops, since Jay Garrick developed a Mercury complex.

The other is James Steranko, the young king who shattered the complacent comic book horizon with virility and vital-ity of word and art. Steranko, a living legend; Steranko, the James Dean of comics.

Forget the flaccid pot roast the Stat-ler Hilton is serving. Push aside the mar-bled potato. The French rolls at least are tasty; the water cold and refreshing; and Con Chairman Phil Seuling is giving the introductions:

Of Steranko: "He's one of the top artists...he'll probably kick me under the table for not saying the top! His History of Comics...an incredible job!"

And Fox: "Gardner has created some of the worlds I live in...some of the worlds you've lived in. The characters he's brought to life are legion, characters like the Justice Society of America and countless others. In fact, the only club I ever belonged to was the 'Junior Justice Society of America'!"

Who needs prepared speeches? The talk begins. Easy. Informal. Informative. Build-ing on questions provided by John Benson. Later there will be questions from the aud-ience. But for the moment let each man have his say.

First, Steranko: Who first of all asked his audience to acknowledge the work Seuling has done to promote the image of comic art. "We all owe Phil a debt of gratitude for putting on these conventions year after year." Warm applause echoed Steranko's words.

To a statement by John Benson that "Jim Steranko's work represents the best of the work in the current field. His individualistic style has set new directions for others to follow," the answer was one of Dean-like modesty: "I do not consider myself an artist," held Steranko, " I would probably say I belong in the class of a story teller. Real artists are people like Reed Crandall, Neal Adams, and a half-a-dozen others."

Commenting on his early years, Steranko told how, at age 17, he was performing magic shows in bars and nightclubs.He was already an accomplished 'escape artist' and a rock 'n roll musician of merit playing "guitar and all instruments" in Pennsylvania area bands. These and other varied experiences would later form character backgrounds for Steranko comic book creations. One of his career facets would also provide inspiration for Jack Kirby, an idol of Steranko from boyhood. "As a livelihood though," the 'jaunty one' continued, "I always did artwork in one form or another. At the time, I entered comics (late summer of 1965), I was an art director of an advertising firm in Reading." Elaborating on the influence of his past, Steranko held "All my experiences and interests go into my work. I took Nick Fury for example, and gave him my background. Eventually, everything I've done and am interested in shows up in my work."

It was a Steranko book, "Worlds of Escapes", done before he took up comic book work in earnest that prompted Jack Kirby to create the character of "Mr. Miracle." "You've got a gold mine here,kid" Steranko quoted in a perfect Kirby imitation, "And it's going to waste." It didnt for long. Using Steranko's book as a base Kirby created Mr. Miracle, whose escape tactics are patterned after those devised perfected and performed by Steranko. "So I guess you could say I was Mr. Miracle," chuckled Steranko.

"It completed a very strange cycle.A boy [Steranko] growing up influenced by comics, gets into comics and then, years later, a comic appears on the stands, and the comic is based on the boy!"

Recipient of the 1971 ACBA award for "Most Outstanding Achievement In The Field of Comic Art," Steranko gained the honor for his book, "A HISTORY OF THE COMICS," the first in a series of four volumes covering a definitive history of the comic book field. How did the "History" come about? What prompted its writing? Steranko explained:to while away his his frequent driving trips between Reading & New York City, he used to play 'head games' and the idea of the book was born. "I thought of it first as a 25¢ Marvel summer one-shot. Marvel is always hung up for material in the summer." Broadening the idea, he next conceived it as a book which would sell for 75¢, with Magazine Management Company (Marvel) as the publisher. Stan Lee was cool to the idea. "Actually, I had the idea," Steranko said, "but no presentation drawn up on paper." Remedying this, Steranko again confronted Lee saying, "I will write a book and call it, 'Stan Lee's History Of Comics.' The book will be so good, you can't afford not to have your name on it."

With Lee still unreceptive, Steranko determined to publish the book himself.He collected fanzines and a wealth of other reference material. A friend [Ken Dixon] sifted through these and drew up a work

continued on page 19

Doug Potter
'11

BLACK

LEFT TO RIGHT: KIRK ALYN, GARDNER FOX, PHIL SEULING, JIM STERANKO, JOHN BENSON

ing outline. Steranko personally checked and double-checked his sources. He interviewed artists, writers, and other people connected with comics. By means of notes, taped rap-sessions, letters, individual phone calls and visits, he compiled a man-uscript that was originally 300 pages long. Cutting, culling, layout followed, and the book saw print last summer under the colophon of SUPERGRAPHICS, Steranko's newly founded publishing firm.

Steranko plans a number of publications to be issued from Supergraphics. Volume II of the "History" is now ready, and includes some 400 illustrations. The third and fourth volumes will follow in 1972 and '73 respectively. Also forthcoming is the long-awaited "Talon" book, a sword and sorcery saga. "How To Write And Draw For The Comics" and a periodical, "The Magazine Of Comic Art," are also on the Supergraphics schedule.

A labor of love will be another Steranko offering. The book? "A History Of Jack Kirby." Said the artist/write/publisher: "Another company was going to do the book. I bought them out; secured rights to publish it myself. I wanted to be the one who did it, to make sure it's done with quality and taste. It will include a complete checklist of Jack's work, several of his stories, many of his covers, and an analysis of the Kirby mystique and style. It should be quite a book, and I hope to have it out sometime this year."

The admiring applause and spontaneous lengthy clapping that had been Steranko's was in turn bestowed on Gardner F. Fox as he greeted his audience. To a question posee by Seuling, Fox estimated he he has, during his career: "Written fifty million words for comics." [This estimation precluded the speaker's prodigious literary output in the fields of science fiction and historical novels.] Where does he get his ideas? Everywhere. Fox is a voracious reader. He is a collector of unusual facts, evidenced by shelves and files in his home crammed with books and clippings. "It's a rule in my house that no one touches my books... not even my grandchildren," Fox smiled.

Queried about his favorite fields, Fox replied, "I was a lawyer before I became a comic book writer. I don't practice law anymore, but I'm still interested in the subject. I read a lot of law books. I'm interested in knowledge of any kind...just in learning. People hate to see me come into a library. Everytime I get near a reference desk, you can hear them groan!" Fox listed sports as another consuming interest, that along with reading for "just plain entertainment." It was two Burroughs' books, "God of War" and "Warlords of Mars", given to him on his 11th birthday, that touched off Fox's love for fantasy. "Edgar Rice Burroughs opened a whole new world for me!" Fox declared. A happy moment in history...considering the new worlds Fox, himself, has created for others.

Commenting on a writer's realistic outlook, Rox had this to offer: "As a cre-ative person, I never set any business standards for those whom I worked for,,, creativity will always take a back seat to sales. What sells is what they want written. "'Adam Strange', for example, was one of my favorite characters." The series, except for an occasional reprint, was dropped because, as Fox expressed it, "The almighty dollar decreed otherwise."

"What you would like to write isn't what you can always write because of editorial policy. In that way a writer can be stifled!"

Asked what he would do if an 'angel' gave him the money so he could write only what he wished, Fox responded. "I still would write fantasy!"

Rewards, other than financial, from writing? Avowed Fox, "The self-satisfaction that comes from turning out a story you think is good. I'm not speaking of an 'ego trip' mind you. Nine out of every ten stories I write leave me with a little nagging doubt, 'This could be better.' The second reward is hearing fans, like yourselves, saying you enjoyed and liked a sto-ry . It's always fun to give pleasure to others."

In opening a question-and-answer period, Seuling first turned to Fox, saying, "My appreciation of your first fifty million words is second only to my anticipation of your next fifty million words!" The applause was deafening.

Both Fox and Steranko were requested to give advice to would-be aspirants to the comic book trade,

Smiling broadly Fox answered, "If I were a young writer today I would write for anything but comics. I would write for something like television. However, if you are really a nut about comic books then: "Study the stories! Think in terms of dramatics. Actually live in the idea of the story. Concentrate on telling the story the best way you know how. Approach an editor with a plot synopsis. Put the story in the most appealing form you can."

Steranko emphasized: "Make sure your work is so goddam good that when you go to a company they can't afford not to hire you. You want to really work in comics; you'll work in comics and anything else you want if your desire is strong enough!"

Drugs, a subject new to comic books, once more came under discussion. Fox reported he has written a novel about drugs but has not done a comic book story about them. "I don't believe a comic book is a place to preach," Fox held. I think stands should be taken...there's no question about that. However, each writer and artist should approach every story bearing in mind that a story still has to entertain.. that is the main purpose of fiction....the message or moral belongs in the background of the story. And that holds true whether its a story about drugs or white slavery or any other topic."

John Benson, also seated at the banquet tabel, leaned forward: "Jim says to tell you that if you'll write that white slavery story, he'll draw it!"

Grinned Gardner, "I'll do it!"

"And I'll sell it!" beamed Seuling, in good-natured levity.

Then he presented a plaque. It read:

"To Gardner Fox for the worlds he has created and the marvels he has wrought through.the field of Comic Art." The presentation brought forth a standing ovation. Visibly moved, Fox commented, "I just dont know what to say. All I can think of are our early years in comics...the fun and entertainment we got out of doing them. Never in our wildest dreams did we ever think there'd be conventions like this; the interest after all this time. It's been wonderful. I've enjoyed about 99% of what I've done. It's been fun these years. I thank you!"

Another plaque, and Seuling read:

"To James Steranko for the agility of mind and pen he has used to bring excitement to the field of Comic Art." The second standing ovation of the day occured.Even Steranko, a master of words, found it difficult to express his feelings. "What can I say. I'm honored, of course, but I'm just a newcomer. I've only done about 25 comic book stories in my life and to receive such an award, such as has been given in past years to top men such as Burne Hogarth, Will Eisner, and Bill Everett.... well, what can I say...except to express my gratitude and thank you for your support!"

Steranko's ready wit quickly returned to parry a pixish question thrown at him in fun:

"Mr. Miracle is supposed to use your escapes. Maybe he did at first but now he always has 'Mother Box' to help him out."

Quipped Steranko to everyone's amusement: "Well, he does what he wants to with his box; and I do what I want to with mine!"

The Collector
IT'S GREAT GANG!
The Collector
JOE SINNOTT '71

MARTIN (DARKSEID) PASKO

MIKE (BLACK BOLT) ZECK

HEAVY HANGS THE CAPE, WHILE HOPE RUNS HIGH

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

Black Bolt was speechless; his counterpart equally so! Mighty Thor stared amazed at Miniature Thor! Captain America did a double take! Could that be a L.M.D. dressed the same as he? Jim Steranko got to shake hands with Super Steranko! Even baby Franklin Benjamin Richards was on 'his' very best behavior!

And the July 4th audience at the 1971 Comic Art Convention cheered, whistled, applauded and stomped appreciative approval. They welcomed the parade of heroes. They were impressed with the sinister Darkseid and laughingly sympathetic toward Col.Sanders the Junkie.

It was festive and frolicsome; amusing and confusing; a rip of a trip. In fact, it was the best "Costumed Convocation" of any con since that first costume parade staged way back in 1965! [Sure, you remember that one. Phil Seuling crashed in as Captain Marvel; Carole Seuling entered more quietly as Mary Marvel; Plastic Man showed up as Roy Thomas (or was it the other way around?); David Kaler doubled as Dr. Strange; Margaret-What's-Her-Name came as Miss America...and well, that was then. Back to the present!]

Enter stage left Al Bradford as Mighty Thor whirling a weighty Mjoiner. Exit stage right Al Bradford and his Mjoiner! Along the persecribed pathway in turn: Heidi Saha as Wilma Deering zapping he onlookers with a playful, ray-full gun. Here is Natasha Hyman, dressed in an infant Fantastic Four costume and masquerading as Franklin Richards. Her proud dad carries her past. Deserting his dealer's table is Allan Eman-uel as The Shadow. (He was The Yellow Kid last year.) While Darkseid - as threatening in real life as he is in letter columns - is Martin 'Pesky' Pasko. Captain America, Altron Boy, and Plastic Man follow. Phil Seuling reveals their secret identities as Jim Glenn, Mark Bilgrey and Bob Weckesser respectively. Green Lantern is next. Isn't that Mike Gilbert? Good guess! And while you're at it, that's Jeff Strell the Miniature Thor; and Ethan Roberts as the first of the Black Bolts. Somebody give Ghost Rider a hand. (Put your glasses back on, Jerry Sinkovic!) Here's Cousin Eerie pretending he's Neal Pozner. It's cold turkey, not finger-lickin' fried chickenfor John Sulac, who's back at Col.Sanders The Junkie. Who can that be, he with the stuffed chimpanzee? Aha, it's Matthew Saha! Bill Garnett as Mr. Spock flashes the Vulcan peace sign. (That's hard to do; try it sometime!) Onto the stage springs Super Steranko. In lightning fashion he sketches an imaginary picture with his imaginary paintbrush and before you know it, he is presenting the imaginary masterpiece to the real Jim Steranko, who rewards Gerard Geary with a real handshake. And next, yes next: Mike Zeck as Black Bolt... truly a beautiful costume! And immediately after, Kurt Goldzung as Deadman...equally beautiful costume! Goldzung steps to the center of the stage to demonstrate "How many times can a ghost cry?" His mask is magnificent; his impersonation even better! Look upon the Vision (David Lomazoff)! Know McAbre the Unknown Hero (Gary Lomazoff) and that's not the Captain America we saw before; this one's Bob Miller. And lastly-but-not-leastly comes Harvey Sobel as Green Arrow. Too bad he wasn't teamed with Mike Gilbert; their costuming was remarkable; as if Hal Jordan and Oliver Queen had lent them their uniforms for this special occasion. "Not as a contestant" Superman is on stage. The costume is authentic; it's one worn by the late George Reeves. Only Mike Nolan fits it, and he fits it well. And Seuling tells the assembled, it is even more fitting, for Nolan's "every-day occupation" is that of a newspaper reporter.

MIKE NOLAN DONNED GEORGE REEVES' ORIGINAL SUPERMAN COSTUME FOR SUNDAY NIGHT'S BALL.

The moment of truth. The hour to stand and be counted. The time that is reck-oning. Judges Steranko (the Jim one), Kirk Alyn, and Gardner Fox hand in their decision. Seuling reads:

"Third Place...Heidi Saha as Wilma Deering!"

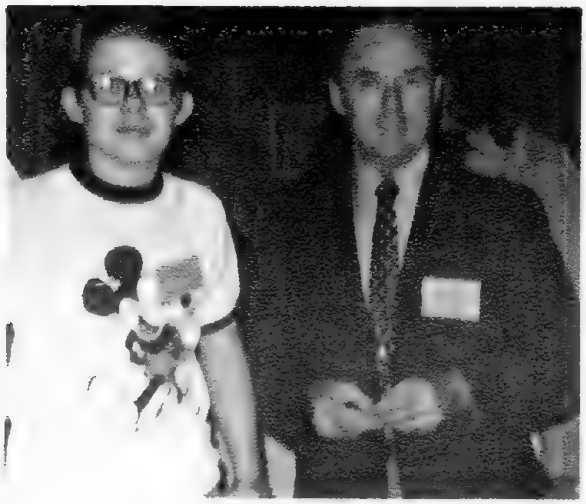
"Second Place...Kurt Goldzung as Deadman!"

"First Place...Mike Zeck as Black Bolt!"

In true Black Bolt character, Zeck remains silent even though the audience friskly shouts, "Speech! Speech! Speech!" His prize? To quote from the Con progress report: "...I kid you not---a daily Rip Kirby strip (original art) by Alex Raymond!"

Goldzung and Miss Saha are also to receive original art; they will later select from that amassed by Phil Seuling (And who wouldn't want to pick and choose from a Seuling trove!)

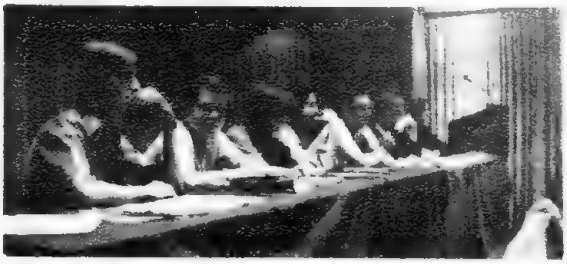
Poses and pictures now record...that day when...Black Bolt was speechless! Mighty Thor amazed! Captain America astounded! And Franklin Benjamin Richards fought for Women's Lib!



YE EDITOR BILL WILSON MANAGED TO TALK JOE SINNOTT INTO POSING FOR THIS PICTURE WITH HIM. JOE, AS YOU KNOW, IS ONE OF THE FINEST INKERS IN THE BUSINESS (AND ALSO GREAT AS AN ARTIST IN HIS OWN RIGHT).

INCIDENTLY, JUST IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, THE FELLA WITH THE STRIPED PANTS IN JOE'S PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE IS YE ED.

THE UNFORGETTABLE FANZINE PANEL. (LEFT TO RIGHT: ALAN LIGHT, BILL G. WILSON, GARY GROTH, BILL BLACK, MARTIN GREIM, BOB COSGROVE, TONY ISABELLA, AND DWIGHT DECKER)



WAS WERTHAM RIGHT AFTER ALL?

by

GERARD GEARY

WITH AN INTRO AND AN AFRO
by THE WATCHER

I am The Watcher. Mine is but to observe; never to interfere. As such, I have been present these past three days of The 1971 Comic Art Convention. I have looked; I have listened, as I am doing now. It is the convention's final day. It is 11:30 this morning of July 5th, a Monday. The fireworks are a day late, but the fuse is touched; the explosion is coming. A fan is to spark the controversy. His lecture will rock the conventioneers; bring shouts of protest; denials and rebuttals aplenty. I have my own views, but I adhere to my policy of non-interference. Let then Gerard Geary speak. What he has to say follows, in its entirety. He begins...

"First of all, let me introduce myself; my name is Gerard Geary and I am a fan of ART. When I say ART, I mean ART as a positive thing of beauty for the entertainment and elation of Man, not "ART" as a negative exploitation of man's ignominies and weaknesses and, for any of you who don't know what ignominies are, they are things like War, Hatred, Bigotry, Violence, and some of the other things you see so grisly portrayed in some of those Comic Books you paid fifty bucks for.

Now, what I'm about to say may surprise some of you, and it may even be a revelation, but whatever you think, I'm sure it will give you some food for thought. In this day and age, right now - Monday morning, July 5th, 1971, I'm sure most of us agree that War is a bummer, Vietnam's a drag and, generally speaking, man's inability to get along with his fel -low man is a down. Right? OK, let's take that point as the common denominator in the equation between my thoughts and your heads.

Now, I'd like to read you a statement that I read Phil Seuling over the phone about a month ago. He thought it was kind of heavy at the time and I'll agree - it is heavy. But there is a heavy issue at hand. Now dig it...

'I direct these statements to James Warren, but actually, I'm talking to ev -eryone here from the 12-year-old kid from Brooklyn whose mother gave him a ride to the convention, to Frank Frazet -ta all all the other professionals.

In a recent issue of Vampirella, I read how Warren Publications plan to publish a full-page appeal to end the War in Vietnam, and that they already have published one. On the surface, this seems very encouraging. Could it be that Mr. Warren has become a sensitive, aware human being justifiably appalled by the sorrow and pain of violence? Perhaps, I think to myself; and then I turn the page of his magazine to find myself offended by a particularly graphic illustration of a young lady brandishing a sword, lopping off a man's head and gen -erally engaged in several panels of gory goings-on, the likes of which would rival the My Lai Massacre.

My question to Mr. Warren: Do you ac -tually think people enjoy seeing human suffering and all the ignominies of mankind portrayed in a magazine? You stated that in periods of national unrest, your sales were low. The reason for that is ob -vious; your magazines are, as they say in the vernacular, a Bummer! For those of you unfamiliar with the term, it refers to an unpleasant psychological experience. Life Magazine runs a picture spread showing a Vietnam veteran whose face was blown off by a mortar shell and for some reason the issue of Creepy released that week featuring a fantastically mutilated face on the cover didn't sell. That's beside the point; they're selling a lot of guns and bombs but that doesn't justify them.

The point is this: we are becoming enlightened people, thank the Lord, and what worked in 1953 when we didn't know any better, does not work now; the sadist market is disappearing.

Dr. Fredric Wertham may have been a little puritanical in 1955 but some of the things he said made frightening sense. What if Lt. William Calley read EC comics as a child?

The Sgt. Fury-John Wayne-Captain America trip is over to all but a few who are too senile or too ignorant to see the pathetic absurdity of war and violence, and even that uneducated few are changing their views. It's more than just a question of views, it's moral philosophy. People are striving for that which is positive in life, that which is beautiful. The Comic Media should serve as happy, pleasurable esca -pism, not depressing negativity.

Warren Publications are starting to show a lot of beautiful naked girls - that's a step in the right direction. It shows they have an eye for beauty, but the girls are like brief smiles in a world of tears compared to the overall contents of the magazines.

My suggestions to Mr. Warren and the rest of the Comic Industry are simple: no more violence, death, pain, suffering or any form of depressing negativity. You can still put out an exciting product without bringing people down. I call your attention to the strip "Little Nemo in Slumberland" by Winsor McKay, which I consider the zenith of the panel art media. Consider the possibilities of surrealism for story material. The potent-

ial is infinite. Let's have more artwork that is pleasing to the eye and more sto -ries that are pleasing to the spirit.

My parting comment to James Warren & the Comic Book Industry: HAVE MERCY!'

Now Mr. Warren, the other day when I questioned him about the glorification of violence as a dangerous thing, said he didn't think there had been enough psycho -logical research done on the subject. Well, we can do a little psychological re -search right now. Take an average panel of say, a Sword and Sorcery strip. Look at it. What do you see? Usually a big,mus -cular, handsome guy with some gorgeous chick clinging to him. We all know about Hero Indentification, so I'll tell you right now - consciously or sub-consciously, if you dig the strip, you identify with the main character, especially when he gets the gorgeous chick. So let me ask you some questions: What about the guy's sword, do you dig that? Setting a-side the phallic implications, I mean the sword as swords really are; cold, sharp pieces of metal designed for pene-trating flesh. Are you into that? Do you want to cut some guy open and watch him bleed to death? Let me say right now that I hope you're answer's "No."If your answer's "Yes", may the Lord have mercy. So maybe you're saying to yourself,"Well in comics only the bad guy gets it." So it's hip to do in bad guys, huh?

Of course, I could tell you now that all men are brothers and lay on some rap about the family of man and may -be even a quote from Jesus when he said "Love one another as I have loved you." But instead I'll put it another way. Nixon says the Communists are bad guys. So does that mean you wanna run over there like Conan and chop up some Cong? I hope not. Let me put it another way.

When you look at an EC comic and see a lot of gross goings-on, what part of your mind is entertained? Do you like blood and suffering and pain? Does that turn you on? Flash quickly on a photo of some Vietnam atrocity. Plenty of blood and suffering and pain, but somehow it doesn't turn you on. No, that's reality and you only like your gross stuff in fantasy. Why? Well, people have always

been messing each other up so it must be natural. Sure, and war is natural, so it's only natural mankind outdo anything Wally Wood ever dreamed of and blow the planet up in one blinding, searing, nuc-lear flash, while James Warren sketches the whole thing and tries to see it to Satan.

The point is this: Why seek that which is negative? It only leads to de-struction. Freud said that there are two types of people. Those with a death wish and those with a life wish. Do you want to die? I want to live.

I'll open this panel for discussion with the statement that James Warren is to the comic industry what Spiro Agnew is to America. He thinks anyone that criticizes his thinking is some sort of effete intel-lectual. Well, I'll criticize it just as I would Spiro Agnew's. It's as if the comic-on were some sort of veteran's rally. Most of the veterans are happy with the war as the fans are happy with violence. But there's a growing minority of veterans who are sick of the war, just as there is a growing number of fans who are bored sick of seeing two guys punch each other for 28 pages. The comic industry is in a flounder-ing state, but as soon as they get hip to the fact that people want good, positive entertainment and start putting some out, then, like positive Karma, good financial things will start happening;with the grace of the Lord, they shall be saved.

Any comments or questions?"

Comments there are. Some level-headed some hot-headed. There is arguement, emo-tion, and outrage. Fans do not agree with Gerard Geary. As they do not agree with Fredric Wertham, then or now.

I have my own opinion about both.

I give it not; I am The Watcher.

You are the judge. So, it is decreed.

WILL IT STILL BE PHIL?

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

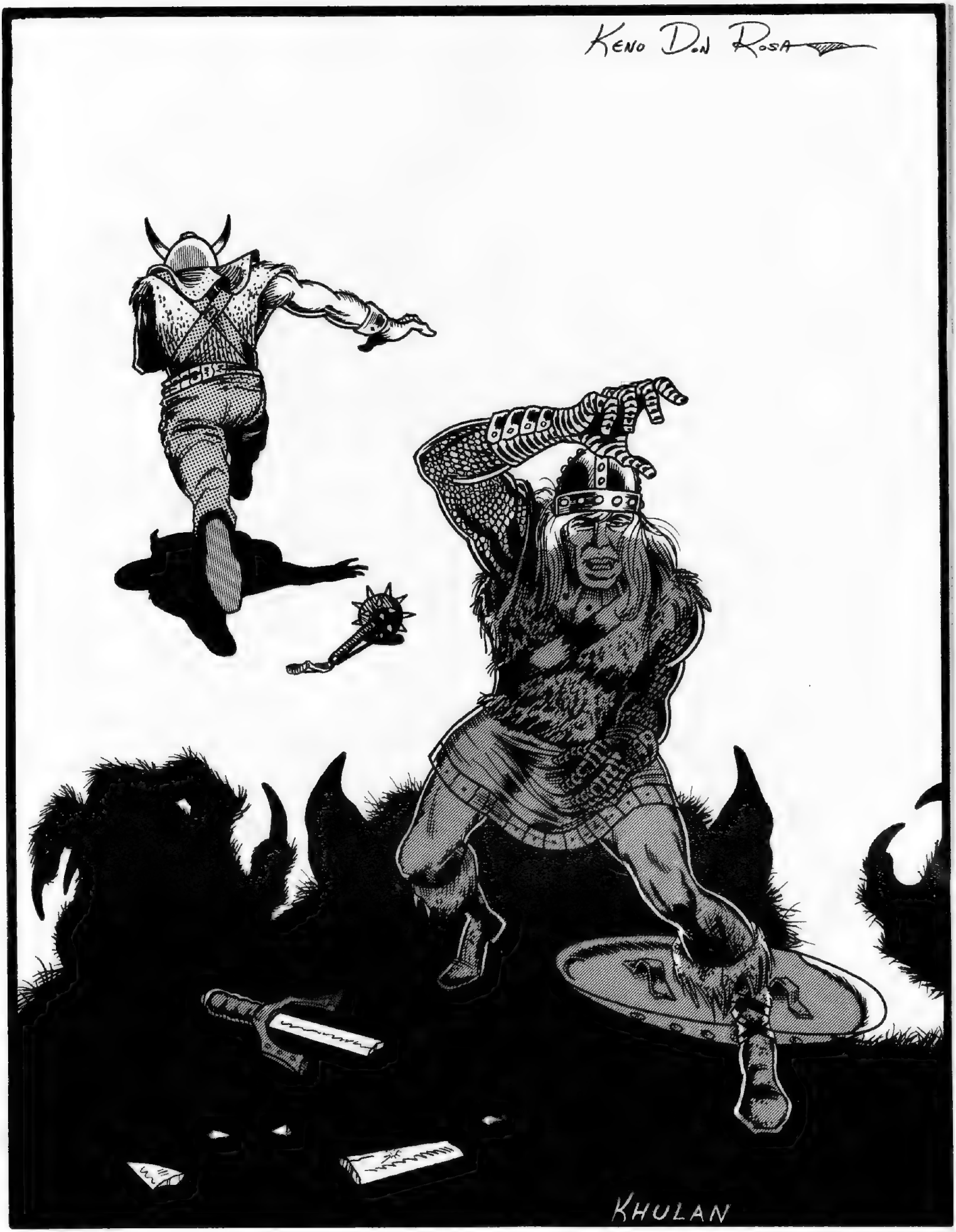
Monday, July 5th...4:26 P.M. "The convention is drawing to an end," said chairman Phil Seuling. "We have 34 offi-cial moments left." Then the bombshell de -scended. Phil Seuling is seriously con-sidering no longer running the New York City Comic Art Convention. He may or may not chair the 1972 con. After that - is anyone's guess. "I've just about had it up to here!" Seuling stated,"Even with all the help that's given; all the love & effort that's extended from so many peop -le; my thoughts are that I will not run another convention."

"But if you don't, who will? Gee!How will we be able to go to a convention? I mean there should be conventions for us!" queried an anxious youngster from the crowd. (One was immediately reminded of James Warren's remark of typical fan reac -tion.) Hassles with the hotel, some deal -ers, thievery, and a bit of unfair publi -city are among reasons for Seuling's dis -illusionment.

"Iron clad" contracts with the Stat-ler Hilton turned out to be more like tin easily broken...on the hotel's part. Just prior to convention time, after space res -ervations had been made and confirmed months in advance, hotel officials inform -ed Seuling that one of the main areas had been booked for a wedding party that would simultaneously coincide with part of con program. "Both contracts were 'iron clad'", Seuling commented caustical-ly. Nor were the dealers rooms and other areas ready for the convention to move in and start Friday. Rubbish was still being cleared away Saturday afternoon, many re-membered. Security precautions left much to be desired. Theft by cleanup men inclu -ded an expensive tape recorder. Conse-quently, con personnel had to be present to supervise succeeding 'sweep-up'details Seuling reported. Especially infuriating to him was a broken promise on the part of the hotel management that checkout time on Monday's closing day of the con would be extended to 5:00 without extra charge to conventioneers who had stayed at the hotel. Monday afternoon though,Seu -ling said, John Rock, the hotel assist-ant manager, said the extended checkout free-time was impossible. "He's telling people he's an assistant manager and that he has to make a rule," Seuling said dis-gustedly. "I think he's an ass. You can always count on a hotel to throw as much gum into the works as possible. My great-est satisfaction, if I don't run a con next year, would be telling the hotel first about it!"

In making these statements the con chairman pointed out the obvious. Fourth of July is a holiday time when most peo-ple are leaving cities, not going to them. It's a slack business period. Hotels vie for business. The con provided the Statler Hilton with business in the form of rental areas, people spending money for rooms,and people buying in its shops and restaurants. The conventions also draws attention to the hotel through publicity received. And, said Seuling, five other hotels had sought him out to have the con staged in their es -tablishments. Dealers also contributed their share of grief. "Dealers are the nas -tiest people alive!" Seuling had said ear -lier in the convention. The remark had drawn laughter Friday, and Seuling, a deal -er himself, had added with a grin, "See,I always know how to say the right thing." His observation mid-Monday afternoon? It concerned largely the "full dealers",those that sell at a full-sized table, not card tables, such as were allotted to "junior dealers" at lesser prices. "The dealers are sore," said an audience spokesman,"be-cause you charged them for tables. They don't think you should have!" (The charge per full table was $50.00 for all four con -vention days, and a second table was an additional $25.00) At any kind of conven-tion, Seuling explained, dealers or exhib-itors are almost always charged a fee.It's a rare occasion if they're not.

What does a full dealer make at a com -ic art convention. "If he doesn't make at least $2,000," Seuling said, "he'll consid -er this a pretty poor convention! How would you like to make a couple thou in 4 days?" To accommodate dealers this year, Seuling reported, a much larger sales area had been provided. A room was also set a-side for junior dealers who were previous-ly buying and selling before anyone reach-ed the main dealers' rooms.


KENO DON ROSA
KHULAN

A publisher's representative asked to take over the microphone. "I sell books...that's my business. And I travel all over the country attending conventions where books are sold, not comic books true, but books all the same. And I've had to pay up to $550, not counting travel and other expenses, for the pivilege of just having my books on display, without being able to sell them on the spot, as that was an exhibitors' rule. I just want to say this. The dealers here are getting one helluva good deal. They should be thanking Phil Seuling, not crit-icizing him. And everybody else here should be too!" Applause demonstrated the audience favored Seuling.

Seuling was also bitter about thievery. "When a kid pays $15.00 for the 1st comic book he's ever owned that's older than 1960, he shouldn't have it stolen from him. A fanzine editor had 40 copies of his zine lifted. A dealer had All Stars six through 18 taken, and that's grand larceny. The little idiots are running wild again," Seuling said. "I'm not running a thieve's paradise and I want it stopped!"

Asked about publicity, the con chair-man said,"The television coverage was very good, and so was the newspaper coverage.; all except for the New York Post which, in its writeup, chose to say it was a convention designed to sell dirty books to 16-year-olds. It was a cheap dig," Seuling said, "and when we told the dealers they agreed not to sell underrgound books to anyone under 21."

Seuling was asked why it was a 4-day con this year instead of the usual 3-day affairs of the past. "We set it up that way to allow for extra flexibility in the program, so more things could be held.The price wasn't any different. It was $3.50 for four days instead of three. Which boils down to a cost of 88¢ a day! I think we had a pretty good program. How do you feel? Did you get 88¢ worth?" Approving applause filled the hall.

Other matters came under discussion, such as official attendance for the four days being estimated at 2000 but without doubt the actual figure was much higher, because of the number of people who 'sneak-ed in' without registering or paying. People in the audience were telling Seuling of the known large number of freeloaders. "I know," he said. "Last year we figured 2000 people; this year there were a lot more people, a lot more dealers, a lot more pros, a lot more of everything, but our official attendance record is 'loosely 2000!'"

One person asked to be heard. He stood to say, "It says on the program here that this is a 'Gripes Session'. I want you to know I have no gripes. I want to thank you for a great convention." The rest of the audience stood to thank Phil in the way a crowd does best...applause!

Seuling commented it was actually a very small minority that brought about flak, the static, and bad vibes. "It's not you," he told the convention audience in general, "It's where my head is at, at this moment. So listen! I hope you had a good time this year and I didn't put a damper on it. To thank you individually would be next to impossible. So, let me say, 'THANK YOU TWO THOUSAND TIMES!'"●

Author's note: A convention without Phil Seuling would be like a kite without a tail. Down not up! Who else can "con" everybody the way he does at auctions, let alone con the pros into participating and being present at the programs? No Phil Seuling? Sort of like no Santa Claus or Great Pumpkin in July. Why not let him know this by letter or postcard or phone call! 'PhilCons' forever! Onward and Shazam!

- - TOM FAGAN

CONVENTION RECOLLECTION

WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN -again!-

Now the 1971 Comic Art Convention is over! Was it really last Friday you arrived? Is it really late Monday afternoon, time to leave? It is! The sad brown hour when the goodbyes have been spoken, promises to meet again exchanged. "You're coming to the Rutland Halloween Parade,aren't you?" (Gawd! How many did you invite? Doesn't matter, you hope they'll all show up!) Suitcases weigh a ton! Weren't this heavy in the beginning. Did you actually pick up all these things at the convention? You did...and more! Fanzines, movie posters, original art, comic character pins, the brand-new Marvels,the latest DCs, programs, souvenier booklets, party invitations, scrawled addresses, freaky films for processing, and even a glass left over from the cocktail party. A beginning inventory to be sure. You'll sort it all out later.

The Minnie Mouse T-shirt is folded away for another year; the Detective 27 pullover never did get to be worn.You wish it had! Everybody else sported Action 1 or Spiderman and Captain America covers in transfer designs. You'd have blazed their eyes! Wait until next year; yeah!

Deana's packed and waiting. She's efficient that way. She says, "Let's split! The bus goes at 6:15." You look at your watch and you move it! Short of breath and bread, you both hit for the subway.You clatter uptown; limp and wheeze through Port Authority. Finally, there's Gate 24. You've got tickets, bedraggled they may be, to ride. There's two seats together;they're yours. You stash the con treasures.

The Greyhound noses through billowing exhausts, onto the roadway, past the Century Funeral Home and the nearby pushcarts,to frisk through Lincoln Tunnel and lope up, around, and over the mighty concrete arch. Opposite skyline...where you were moments ago, triggers reaction. You sing an opening line, "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!"You were always a sucker for those late-late shows. But the next stop isn't Paris, it's Paramus...New Jersey, USA, not France,Continental Europe. That still doesn't take away the fun of the song!

Deana's reading Daredevil. She's a veteran now, you think; she's been to her first convention. Deana cathes your mood. She looks up. "It was a good con, wasn't it!" It's not a question she's giving,it's a statement! "Yeah," you agree, "One of the best! Lotsa memories from this one! Lots of righteous recall..." You and Deana start trading experiences. You're in the Greyhound no longer now, you're back at the con! And Remembering is cool, groovy and grand. You remember things like:

The Spysmasher films and Superman cartoons you didn't get to see; the cocktail party you went to and Deana didn't! Carmine Infantino's pantherish party entrance, like the king of the jungle with all the other cats taken aback. Harry Lucey, whose gloves were like the Spirit's, only white, not blue. Rick Rubenfeld more interested in corn pancakes than gin and tonic. Phil Seuling's invitation to a party and you having to leave. Irene Vartanoff's utter amazement at being mistaken for Marie Severin. Tom Robe giving Deana a Yellow Kid button to give to you since he heard you wanted one.

A walk with Deana to Times Square,the only thing we saw in New York outside the convention, and being too late to take in "WILLARD"! Deana being dressed in red, white, and blue and patriotically helping Kirk Alyn at his booth selling his book, "This Is A Job For Superman!" [Price $4.50 a copy, and a good number sold.] Coming to the convention each succeeding day in succession as "Richard F. Outcault", "Winsor McKay", "Carl Barks" and "Jerry Robinson", and having the same people keep asking, "Draw me a picture!"

The moment of dryness that always coincided with empty dispensing machines. [Ever haunt 18 floors for "just one soda"?] Al Bradford and you making it up to Eighth Avenue where it wasn't dry... milk and other beverages were inplenty. ...and back at the con in time to miss out on the EC panel whose main audience suddenly dissolved when Bill Gaines off handedly said that Frank Frazetta was holding an art exhibition, open to all.

The fanzine panel that was a good slide show but told nothing about fanzines unless you're intrigued by the intricacies of zip-a-tone reproduction. Marty Greim just having been given much gold to purchase a projector and then finding the hotel refused to supply a screen. Thank Odin for sheets draped over an up-ended table...right Marty!

John Benson's slide show about The Spirit...which did tellabout the Eisner creation. One of the better con presentations. Right on, John. It was a good show and we freaked out over it.The Underground Comics panel you didn't see. Not particularly sorry, mind you; just still curious to view and hear Denis Kitchen. Why does he spell his first name differently from Dennis The O'Neil? Phil Seuling dedicating the con to his mom during the Sunday awards luncheon. Tom Watkins' frantic search later for a green tablecloth and what he and others eyed as they threw open the doors of the appropriately named "Golden Ballroom"! Tom Watkins, thwarted at every turn, finally forced out of the costume parade (he won it in 1970 as Solomon Grundy)and though disappointed, grinned agreement he'd wear it this coming October in Rutland's Halloween Parade, where he and his witch-lady plan to materialize.

Gerry Conway's party that was fun;Jeff Jones' that wasn't...not because of Jeff though; he's a nice host and a beautiful person. Gerry, rather taken aback at one instant, saying, "This is my room; this is my party, and I don't know how many people there are and I don't know how long they're going to stay... they just keep coming!" Which they did! (We know the feeling, Gerry, but you were admirable; moreso than most in a similar situation.)

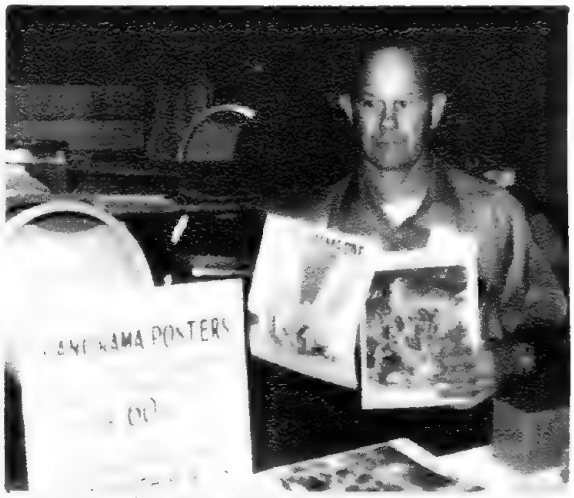
Tom Watkins' imitation of a lizard. The Gray Morrow Deana didn't get, but the Yellow Kid page you did even though it went on auction three times. Bill Black's superhero portfolio. The paste-ups are great; the finished book will be grander. Jim Steranko teaching art classes and Gray Morrow "trying out"! The cop at the Art Exhibit! Having a camera go off two feet in front of your eyes in an elevator, and blinded, hearing someone chortle, "It may come out blurry but I got it!"

Exiting from a con lecture and seeing an altar banked with flowers. "Who's getting married?" you ask. And from behind you comes the answer, "Black Canary and Green Arrow." Then you remember those iron-clad contracts Phil was talking about. "What a thing to tell the grandkids about; I married your Gramma at a Comic Book Convention." Those last convention hours when Carole Seuling, Andy Hom, Mike Nolan, and Eric Spruiell threw aside 'civilian identity' and em-

ROCK 'EM SOCK 'EM!
COMICS
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU, YOU OLD COOT! I'LL RAIN WHEN I WANNA RAIN; I'LL SHINE WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT AND I'LL SNOW ANYTIME I TAKE A NOTION! I'M THRU WITH YOU AND YOUR 'EVERYTHING IN ITS' SEASON' SCHEDULE! I'M FINISHED WITH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL! I'M REVOLTING!
YOU'VE BEEN REVOLTING FOR AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN YOU, YOU OLD HAG! BUT IT'S TIME I TAUGHT YOU A LESSON YOU WON'T SOON FORGET!
-HANLEY '71
ALL-AMERICAN JACK SAYS: EVEN THE BEST OF FAMILIES HAVE THEIR SPATS, BUT WHEN MA NATURE AND DADDY TIME GO TO IT, WHOOWEE!! WATCH OUT!!

erged name-tagged respectively as:Diana Prince, I Ching, Steve Trevor, and T'Challa. You've been trading bits and pieces back and forth for sometime now. Betweentimes you've been drowsing or reading. You look up ahead and before you realize it there's the lights of your hometown off in the near future. You gather up your things. "It was a good con!" comments Deana as the bus creaks to a stop. "Yeah!" you answer, "It was a good con! Only 361 days to go until the next one!" Deana and you head for home!●

JOHN AND MARY FANTUCCHIO AT OUR TABLE (WRITER BILL CANTEY LOOKS ON AT RIGHT)



YE EDITOR'S DAD AND ACE FANZINE SALESMAN CASUALLY GLANCES AWAY AS HE IS CAUGHT ADVERTISING BOTH PANORAMA (©OLLECTOR PUBLICATIONS' CONVENTION ONE-SHOT) AND THE COMPETITION! (THE FINE 'MCR'.)

1971 COMIC ART CONVENTION

AT SECOND GLANCE

by

BILL WILSON

I think Tom did an excellent & thorough job of reporting the con this year, and I doubt that I could have done near as good a job as he did. However, I'd like to add a few "finishing touches" to the report which will include a few areas Tom missed and relate a few personal ex-periences which may be quite interesting, such as:

The hassle in finding exactly WHERE the con was being held. My finally meeting and talking with Alan Light, editor of The Buyers Guide. Meeting and talking with, on numerous occasions, Kirk Alyn, the screen Superman and Blackhawk and finding him to be not only a great man, **but also interested in** all facets of the con, and not afraid to participate.

The fantastic film showing Friday night that Alan and I sat through. There were those excellently produced Max Fleischer Superman cartoons from the 1940s, the first two chapters of the Blackhawk serial, the hilarious Star Trek blooper reel that had the whole audience rolling in the aisles, the Walt Disney promotional ads, and that unusual and, well, different science fic-tion (?) film by Barbara Wise. Oh, yeah, and that beautiful Rich Corben experimental animation film (which was made AFTER "Neverwhere"). Beautiful!

The makeshift hanging poster Alan and I put together Saturday morning. Jim Steranko remembering me from my letters & TC(!). The auctions at which I didn't pick up anything (again!), and the guy that occasionally took over the auctioning for Phil, and didn't make it too well. My sticking closer to the table this year than any year before. No sketches from the pros this year. The "fanier" atmosphere at this year's con than at the others in '69 and '70.

The fanzine panel, which end-ed up being only about 15 minutes long (the slide show, which was handled well considering the slides were shown on a sheet-covered table held up by Alan pre-ceded it) because the hotel refused to provide a screen, and the two whole questions ye ed answered (whoopee!).

The "big circle" in the middle of the dealers room, which was made up of Phil Seuling's, Bud Plant's, and Kirk Alyn's tables. My almost not getting my luncheon ticket. Alan, Marty Greim, Bob Cosgrove, Jerry Sinkovic, and Byron Preiss and I all sitting at the same table at the luncheon, near the head tables. John Benson's slide show on The Spirit. Riding home on the Greyhound with Ken Bruzenak, local fan- friend and artist, and re-living **every minute of this, my most enjoyable con!**

KEN SMITH ENDORSES A FINE FANZINE.

SINAR ALONE

by David Hanley

CHAPTER 4

Upon awakening from the dream-like state Antar caused him to succumb to, Sinar agreed to undertake the journey to the dark lands to battle the evil Zarm. Antar gave Sinar and his healed friend, Zark, a sturdy ship with a crew of for -ty. During the journey, an unexpected and dangerous oceanstorm enveloped the ship, causing all but Sinar and Zark to abandon ship. Finally, through desperation, they, too, are forced to abandon the great vessel before it sinks beneath the surface. Upon the impact of the crashing waves, Sinar and Zark are rendered unconcious. Later, Sinar awoke only to find him self on a sandy beach. Looking beyond him, he noticed a body further down along the same beach. From forty feet away he knew it was Zark. He knew he was dead after trying to revive him. After burying Zark, he looked around, only to find he is but a mile or so from his intended destination...

As he worked his way through the tropical plant life and over the high, rocky, inactive volcano and came to the other side of the island, he could see on the horizon the continent of the darklands. To reach the mainland would mean another swim of about a mile. Sinar, though he was tired, decided to make the journey now. Working his way down the other side of the dormant volcano and through more jungle, it was moon's eve by the time he made it to the beach.

Sinar was determined to bring his sword with him, even though it would make his swim more difficult. He walked off the beach until the water was up to his waist and began his swim through the now-moonlit waters. It took almost an hour before Sinarreached the face of the continent. He was greatly fatigued, but decided it would be better to keep moving than to attempt to sleep in an unkown land fraught with danger unknown. Sinar's first purpose at the moment was to find food for he had not eaten yet and was tired after his swim.He drew his sword and with all the stealth and cunning at his command crept into the line of trees. After proceeding about 500 yds. he heard a footfall not far behind him. Instead of turning,he proceeded along, but listened for whatever it was that was be -hind him to make a move. He hoped it was some species of edible animal. The sound of the steps were closer now...

And Sinar, sword in hand, tensed. He heard a sharp crack of dried leaves and turned quickly in a crouch, holding his sword in both hands. The thing that was following him had sprung from behind some bushes as Sinar had guessed, and the look of fear on its face was easily apparent when it faced death; impaled on Sinar's block. The force of the animal's spring was such that it knocked Sinar completely to the ground. Sinar was pinned under the animal but with a mighty heave pushed it off of him. The thing was covered with fur, and had two large fangs protruding from its mouth, with sharp, talon-like claws for hands. Sinar withdrew his sword,wiped off the blood on the animal's fur, and proceeded to drag it to the beach. After he had finished eating a somewhat tasty meal he returned to the business at hand: confront Zarm. He decided to travel directly north until he was at the heart of the continent, or until he met Zarm or was confronted by him.

It was now the eve of the sun, and with the light of the dawn sky Sinar star -ted his journey into the dense forest of immense trees and thick foliage. Dreadful things were brewing in the dark lands today. The mighty temple of Zarm himself busseled; for Zarm was coming. He was com -ing from the world of the unknown for a strange reason, unfathomable to his disci -ples. It was to happen at mid-sun.Shortly before the appointed time, with incense burning and priests in crimson robes chanting, a grey billous cloud emer -ged on the altar.

Zarm had made an early appearance. The unearthly being solidified into a more humanoid shape. Zarm then answered, "I was, I am, I will be... any who defy me face damnation, for I have returned!" He looked at one of the chanting priests, and an all-consuming fire blazed where the priest had been. The other priests fled in terror with a mocking laugh following them as they ran.

After traveling for two days, Sinar saw his 1st glimpse of civilization off in the clearing about one mile away. It was a city. He knew that this could pos-sibly be his objective. It would be wise to proceed with caution. As he was stealthily making his way through the forest growth, he passed by some beige-colored plants which sent out gaseous fumes. Instantly, Sinar fell into a deadly sleep. He was engulfed in a blinding-but soft-light and he heard the voice of Antar:"The final battle is about to begin, my son. Use your sword well, for the Gods are with you. Suddenly, the light was gone, and only a stygian darkness persisted. Then--- a form - a human - appeared. It was Zarm. Sinar stood with his broadsword in his hand, in gleaming defiance. "See if your rebellious nature remains when you lay cringing at my feet,"said Zarm. Sinar did not speak. He was facing the possibility of death, and was prepared to meet it like a born warrior.

A black mist surrounded the form of Sinar and be-gan to choke him. In a few minutes there would be no more air to breathe. The mist followed him as he moved; he couldn't escape it. One path lay open. He grip-ped his sword with both hands and started whirling it above his head with ever-increasing speed. There was now no air to take into his lungs, but still he kept whirling his mighty blade. His arms began to grow heavy, but slowly - very slowly - the mist began to disappear until finally it was completely gone. "Very good, barbarian! But that was nothing; mere child's play. Now you will face an even greater challenge. Sinar was grabbed from behind, and he felt him-self sinking into a blob-like mass. His sword arms were pinioned, so he used his left hand to draw a sturdy dagger from his belt, and began hacking at the creature with great speed. He pulled his sword arm away from the creature, but a black residue began to burn his arm as if it was on fire. But he forced himself to ignore the pain.With a mighty effort he tried to pull himself away from the thing that held him ever tighter, but he could not break free. Once more he brought his sword into play with a backward thrust, and at the same time he strained against the creature and was successful. He fell forward onto the floor and with a rolling motion was on his feet... and then a change.

No longer was Sinar among the same dark surround-ings.He was in a lighted temple-of-sorts, and was also positive that he was now completely awake. "You are somewhat above the average, my enemy, so you will have the honor to die by my own hand; and what is left will be fed to the dogs. Sinar was instantly aware of a sharp pain in his legs...then his arms...and blood was running down from wounds received from where he did not know. "Don't look bewildered, savage. You will die bleeding from a thousand such gashes on your skin Zarm said with a mocking tone.

Sinar whipped his dagger through the air directly at Zarm's throat. It sped true to its mark, but fell, useless, to the floor less than an inch away.

While Zarm had used his power to stop the dagger, he had neglected his spell and it ceased to exist. A warrior's madness was upon Sinar and he charged up the marble stairs leading to the altar on which Zarm stood. Sinar unthinkingly sheathed his sword as he ran and planned to do away with his opponent with his bare hands. This foolishness amused Zarm, and he increased his own physical strength ten-fold. Sinar closed his hands around Zarm's throat and his muscles bulged as

he squeezed tighter. Zarm caught him in a bear hug and was methodically trying to break him in two. Sinar made both of them fall to the carpeted floor, for he had noticed the dagger. He felt his hand close around itand, with a last gasping effort, forced it into Zarm's back. A minute later, he was on his feet and slowly walking down the stairs when---"Hold, barbarian!You cannot kill Zarm that easily!" Sinar wheeled around like a great jungle cat, and saw Zarm standing unharmed. In one blind-ing flash, he drew his sword, and with both hands he cleaved Zarm in half. Blood ran spilling everywhere. Sinar himself was splattered with blood; both his own and Zarm's. Giving him no chance to regain life, Sinar built a fire and threw both halves of Zarm's body into it. Sinar, filled with exhaustion, walked once more down the stairs---but suddenly everything was whirling about him. He stumbled --- and all was blackness.

As Sinar awoke he felt completely at ease and totally revived. His surroundings seemed familiar. Just as he was about to get up someone spoke to him. "Hail, Sinar! You are safe!You do remember me, don't you? I am Antar. All."

Sinar exclaimed, "How?!"

"It is unimportant. You are here and you have succeeded... for now."

"What do you mean - 'for now'? Zarm is dead! I saw his damn hide burn!"

"Do not look so troubled, Sinar. You cannot kill a God. We knew that, but you destroyed most of his power. He will not trouble this planet for ages to come. So follow me to the banquet hall and dine with an old man. I think you will enjoy my dancing girls."

With that, Sinar got up and followed. He was hungry.

-David Hanley-

DEATH: THY COLOR BE ORANGE

by TOM FAGAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY --- MARTIN L. GREIM

PART TWO

Editor's Note:
Last issue, Tom began this in-depth study of The Flying Dutchman with an account of how he came about, and told of some of the Dutchman's earliest adventures. This issue, we had hoped to conclude the article with details of some of the foes he encountered in his battles against America's enemies and his final stories. However, due to the length of the convention report, we have only room for one villain this issue: The Salamander! Next issue, we'll finish up this fine article as promised!

From the land of Sumi-e, Origami and Ikebana, came he known as "The Salamander". Not only was Prince Tonoye royal in rank; he was also immortal. This nightmarish enemy slithered forth across the pages of Air Fighter Comics Vol. 1, #9, June 1943.

To prologue the tale, an opening caption forewarned: "Only those brave men who fight the Japs know their hatred for the White Man...and these men have learned the ugly rules of The Little Yellow Sneaks!!--And now a hardened veteran of this war, The Flying Dutchman, isn't surprised even when he meets this new Tokio 'dream'..." Hillman writers favored the spelling of "Tokyo" the European way--"Tokio".

Knowing Flying Dutchman acted as a free-flying agent of the Allies, it comes as no surprise the orange Airacobra has foresaken for the moment the secret base in the crags of Scotland for an "Australian air base" and "an important mission."

Prince Tonoye has become a one-man Japanese menace, preying on Allied aircraft,building up a remarkable number of kills to his credit---or discredit, depending on your patriot outlook. "He only goes after pilots in trouble... then he shoots them down without giving them a chance!"

To lure Prince Tonoye into combat, Flying Dutchman in an hour's time is winging through cloud formations in the very heart of "the hunting grounds of the Jap menace!" Smoke pours from the Airacobra as a green Zero appears on the trail of the floundering craft.

At the controls is Tonoye, gloating "Is good! Another enemy plane in trouble and all alone. Ha! Will soon add another hated flyer to my collection!"

However, the prince soon discovers, "Plane is not in trouble! Filthy American dog use trick!" In turn, Flying Dutchman also finds he is up against an aerial ace whose skill matches his own.

A brilliant crisscross of air maneuvers follows, with the Dutchman realizing, "Boy- That baby can really fly! One of us has to give up or else!!!" (With these three exclamation marks following that thought, you just knew the Dutchman was in bad trouble!!!)

Dutchman was not up against another Colonel Voss this time. Whereas in that encounter with the German it was Dutchman who maneuvered both planes in the course of a head-long collision, with Voss turning aside at the last minute--this time it is Dutchman who finds the head-on crash tactic being used against him.

Prince Tonoye has no intention of pulling up at a death-defying last minute respite. "American pig, taste death now!" It is Dutchman who barely manages to avoid a direct collision between Zero and Airacobra. Still, results are far from disasterous. The Airacobra's wing is sheared from its side. Even with both legs broken, Dutchman manages to parachute to safety, only to be picked up by a Japanese ship cruising in the area. It is his fate to be be taken to Japan to "amuse our people!...Pig! We will smash your grinning face in Tokio!"

What of the prince? Even as the Zero spirals flame-bent into coastal jungle, superstitious natives watch its coming. "Look! Flame come from sky! It is he-Fire God! Out of the heavens of Pua-Ti-Ra. We are blessed! It is Gu-Ra-Bua- "The Salamander!" Believing the prince to be a celestial being, the fire-worshipping natives bury his horribly burnt body in a pit "leaving only his eyes and mouth free of the reeking mess of the specially prepared earth--" Miraculously, the Japanese lives, and with the wane of a moon, as the natives foretold, "The Salamander shall emerge from the pit of pain, to the pit of fire... And so, the Jap Prince is reborn as The Salamander!"

Prince Tonoye is not pleased with the gift of immortality that has become his through the ordeal of fire. Knowing he cannot return to Japan without "losing face", he attempts suicide. Bullet,spear, sword, and fire prove ineffective as self-inflicting weapons. "I will avenge myself on the White Man for this!" avows the grotesque monster that once was a human being.

You know his origin; now the question is: How will he get his revenge? To find out, be here next issue (out in Jan., '72) for the 3rd and concluding part of Tom's fine article. You'll also find out a little more about the Dutchman's OTHER foes, and his last adventures. So stick around!

A SIMPLE STORY

BY RICHARD SMALL

Once upon a time there was a land where the people were very intelligent and everyone was happy. In this land, the people read comic books and enjoyed them immensely, for they were a delightful form of escape entertainment. Then, one day, a wise man told them, "You are smart now. You no longer need comic books." So, the people reluctantly stopped buying comic books, for the wise man had said they were smart now and didn't need them. In a little while, all the comic book publishers had gone out of business. Yet, even to the last, one brave publisher kept fighting. "We are smart people," he cried "Comic books are good and even intelligent people as we can enjoy them!" But the people were smart now and no longer needed comic books, and the brave publisher, too, went out of business.

Years passed, and comic books had become but a memory. Yet, this memory lived on, kept alive by parents who remembered comic books and who told their children of the old days and of the times before they were smart and used to read comic books. And the children would marvel at how wise their parents had been to give up comic books and would think how lucky they (the children) were because they didn't have to face them. "Yes, you have been lucky," the wise man had told them. "Comic books are gone. In fact, it would have been much better if there had never been any comic books at all!"

One day, a baby was born, and he was called Billy. When he was but a young boy he asked his grandfather to tell him about the 'mysterious' comic books that he had heard people speak of in quiet whispers at guarded moments. Billy had come to one well versed in the subject of comic books, for his grandfather had read comic books when he was young, just before they were banned. So, he told Billy of the legend of comic books, and indeed this telling of the legend was no different from any other telling of the legend. "Once, there had been many comic books." his grandfather began. "But everyone instantly saw that comic books were bad and could cause men to do evil things. Then all the people gladly stopped buying them and wisely and unanimously chose to destroy all the ones that remained, so that their evil would not live on. For, after all, we were smarter now and had never liked them anyway." Thus was the legend of comic books told. Thus it would always be.

Billy wondered about this. Were comic books really that bad? Could they honestly have caused that much harm? Was what his grandfather said actually true? Since his grandfather could remember comic books, it would seem that he would be right, but Billy was not certain, and questioned the truth of the legend. "I am old and I am wise," his grandfather had stated. "You should not question the words of your elders, for you are not old enough to perceive the true picture of things and lack the wisdom to understand. Besides, we are right anyway!" Were they? Was it right for him to be denied the freedom to question, merely because he was judged as not old enough to understand? And judged? Judged by whom?

Somehow...somehow, it seemed that there was something far more important at stake than just comic books. It was all very confusing. Billy thought that one day he would like to see some comic books so that he could see for himself, could judge for himself, and try to know the truth. But how could you even hope to know the truth unless you were allowed free and unrestricted inquiry into all points of view? And since all comic books had been destroyed...would he ever know? Would anybody? Bill wondered...about this ...quite a bit. It was something to think about.

WHAT A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION!
with GREEN THING, his faithful monster companion!
BUT, LOOK, THING — OUR OBJECTIVE, GREENHORN THE MONSTER!
MUPH! RUPH!
HANLEY
KRAKT
YEP! HIS HORN IS GREEN!
DON'T ASK ME WHAT SPAWNED THIS SENSELESS MONSTER, THING! SUCH QUESTIONS ARE NOT FOR THIS EVIL ERADICATOR! I JUST FIND 'EM, FIGHT 'EM 'N' FINISH 'EM!
MOLPH BWPH!
ULF!----
ZOP!
WZ!
NOTHIN' LEFT BUT THIS, THE SHRUNKEN GREEN HORN OF THAT INSANE BEHEMOTH! SO MUCH FOR THIS OLD WEIRDO, EH, THING?
THNG HAP-PEE!
CLAP! CLAP!
HMM. GREEN THING, GREEN RING, GREEN HORN. HMM? WELL...
ON TO OTHER THINGS!
YOU ERROR, GREEN RING, FOR THE GREEN HORN IS THE ALIEN MONSTER AND EVEN NOW BEGINS TO FORM ANOTHER MORE SINISTER SHAPE!
SQUEEK
GRUNT
NEXT: GREEN BEAM VS. GREEN HORN!